Cambria Freeman.

A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

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VOLUME VII. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 29, 1873. NUMBER 31.

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1873.-6t.* Portage P. O.

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WM. H. JONES.
Springs, April 5, 1873.-3* [11-6m.]

A CARD.
INDEPENDENT VOTERS OF CAM- COUNTY: Disgusted with this day's the Democratic County Convention, fer myself as an *Independent Candi-* he office of SHERIFF, and pledge my- ected, to fulfill the duties faithfully best of my ability.
JAMES BENFORD,
1873.-3m* Johnstown, Pa.

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Just ready, from an original painting by IDA WAUGH. This picture is greatly admired by all who see it, and is sure to become highly popular. Though executed in the highest style of the art, in order to reach the masses and secure large sales, the price is made much lower than that at which any Chromo of like quality has ever been sold. Terms extremely liberal. Exclusive territory. Sold only by subscription. Apply at once to secure choice of territory. Circulars, &c., free. GEO. MACLEAN, Publisher, 733 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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It should be freely taken, as Jurubeba is pronounced by medical writers the most efficient PURIFIER, TONIC and DEOBSTRUENT known in the whole range of medical plants.
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BARK WANTED.—FOUR THOUSAND CORDS OAK AND HEMLOCK BARK wanted at the new Tannery, Woodvale, Johnstown. Cash paid on delivery. Apply to or address W. H. ROSENSTEEL & SON.
June 6, 1873.-4m.* Johnstown P. O.

SWEET HOME.

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is never met with elsewhere.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home,
There's no place like home.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain,
O give me my lowly thatched cottage again,
The birds singing gaily, that came at my call,
Give me them with peace of mind, dearer than all,
Home, home, &c.

Oh, when shall it ever again be my lot,
In rapture to gaze on my sweet little cot;
Wherever I roam, there is no place I see,
So dear to my bosom, so lovely as thee.
Home, home, &c.

I gaze on the moon, as I trace the drear wild,
And feel that my mother now thinks of her child;
She looks on that moon from our own cottage door,
Through woodbines whose fragrance shal: cheer me no more.
Home, home, &c.

Farewell, peaceful cottage, farewell happy home,
Forever I'm doomed a poor exile to roam.
This poor sinking heart must be laid in the tomb,
Before I'll forget the endearments of home.
Home, home, &c.

MacMahon's Leap for Life.

In 1831 MacMahon, then a young lieutenant serving with the French army in Algeria, under the command of Marshal Bugeaud, was stationed with a small company of men at an outlying settlement, forty miles from headquarters. The Arabs, then bitterly hostile to the colonists, besieged the small fort, slaughtered all the settlers they could catch, intercepted all supplies, and brought the little garrison to the very verge of starvation. Capitulation was not to be thought of, for that meant immediate slaughter. Help from the Marshal was not to be thought of, for he was quite unaware of their danger; in fact all hope seemed lost, when MacMahon volunteered to be the bearer of dispatches announcing their predicament. The commander thought the venture perfectly useless, as the intervening country was absolutely alive with infuriated Arabs, but being aware that help must come in that manner, if it came at all, he reluctantly consented to what he considered at the time was the desperate sacrifice of a valuable life.

MacMahon, perfectly overjoyed at gaining consent to his enterprise, spent the ihort time intervening before his start in looking carefully to the equipments of his horse and to his own accoutrements, and in the first hour of darkness he set out, brisk, blithe and *debonnaire*, as ever gay young soldier on parade, with bright eyes gazing on his splendor. The wily Arabs, seldom caught unaware, soon noted his departure, and followed hard and fast in his rear; but seeing that his course lay toward a broad and deep ravine, some five miles from the post, they spread out widely, hoping to outflank him when he should be compelled to turn at the brink, and so, securing him alive, learn from him under torture all the particulars concerning the French forces which they wanted to obtain. MacMahon, who had in the first mile or two easily distanced them, understood their plan thoroughly, and was prepared to meet it. He looked back and saw in the moonlight the constantly increasing crowd of white-clad warriors spreading out in a wide semicircle behind him. He knew well how they would exult in the thought that they would wring from his tortured frame all the secrets they wanted to know, and he quickly slackened a little the headlong speed of his horse, in order to reserve his strength for the effort he had determined upon, that should—he hoped—save life and liberty. The Arabs, thinking that his horse was already failing, renewed their efforts to overtake and surround him, and by the time he had reached within a few hundred yards of the brink, their shout of triumph was clearly audible. But Arabs, as well as other men, sometimes count their chickens before they are hatched, and so it proved they had done in this case. They had headed him to the brink of the dreadful chasm, and followed hard behind, certain of an easy capture, when all of a sudden, obedient to the master's resolute hand upon the rein, the horse broke into a swift gallop, and with a touch from the spur, a flick from the glove and an encouraging word from the well-known voice, the gallant steed and gallant rider cleared the yawning gulf, and landed safe on the other side, and were out of sight of the enraged Arabs before they could get the slightest chance of taking even a deliberate aim. In two hours more MacMahon stood before his astounded chief, and two hours after that, refusing rest and relief, he accompanied the aid he had risked his life to procure on its way to his beleaguered comrades.

THE Allentown *Chronicle* mentions the following strange occurrence which recently took place in that vicinity: In the afternoon, between 5 and 6 o'clock, Hiram J. Schantz, Esq., stood above his mill at the head of Cedar creek, and without any apparent cause he was turned around twice by some invisible force. What it was he cannot divine, for he felt no wind. A moment after he noticed a body of water five or six feet high rushing toward the mill from above, coming from a direction where no creek ran, and which was the water of a water spout which, it is said, descended near Crackersport, and rushed across the fields, carrying fences with it. He ran to the mill and notified the hands to open the open the gates, which was done. A culvert under the road to convey the water to the mill was washed away, and about one-half the saw mill, including the water wheel, was destroyed. In the house the water covered the lower floors, soaking the carpets.

WHICH is preferable, the right man in a tight place or a tight man in the right place?

ON THE TRAP.

I was only a clown, a painted, grinning clown, attached, on a small salary, to a theatre in the capital of one of the little duchies into which Germany was divided before the genius and ambition of Bismarck had effected its consolidation into the empire. My *role* was popular because everybody likes to laugh, and likes one who puts them in a laughing mood. My make-up was considered a marvel of perfection. My songs always took, and my gestures and grimaces never failed to elicit the most rapturous applause. It used to be said that my face must be made of India-rubber, it could be twisted and distorted into such strange expressions. But I hated the life, and my success made it more and more distasteful.

One night I went home completely worn out in body and mind. My little sister Ada, fifteen years old, and light and graceful as a sylph, who was engaged as a dansetise at the same theatre, also seemed dispirited and worn. The play had been running forty nights and the whole company was heartily sick of it. But it was not this alone which exerted a depressing influence on my spirits that evening. For many weeks I had been losing my heart to Fraulein Dora, the principal danseuse of the theatre, who was no less lovely in mind and heart than in her person. She was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen; tall, well-formed, graceful; with a step like a fairy queen; large, thoughtful eyes; and a sweet, winning smile. What first drew me to her was her kindness to my sister, whom she took every opportunity to befriend and assist in her profession. This was the more surprising, because Ada promised to become a dangerous rival; and, in the theatrical profession, jealousy is the rule and generosity the exception. So I learned to like Dora, and then to love her. But so did everybody else. All the gentry of the place fell in love with her, and raved about her beauty and her dancing, in a way that nearly drove me wild with jealousy. I was in love in the old-fashioned way we read of in novels—I am not ashamed to confess it—eager to kiss the ground on which she trod, and would not believe that any one else could love and worship her with the same devotion. I must not omit to say that Dora, in the midst of all this adulation, displayed the most discreet and modest behavior. She was always attended, to and from the theatre, by her mother; and always returned the rich presents which were showered upon her.

Among all who paid court to Dora, I feared only one, the young, rich, handsome and accomplished Count Ernest Von Walters, who pressed his suit with unremitting ardor. What chance had the poor clown against this man? Yet I fancied if he were only out of the way I need not despair of winning her. Did she not love my sister, and had she not often spoken kindly to me, and praised my acting and singing? But this day I had learned the worst—that her kindness to me sprang only from a gentle and friendly feeling for the brother of the girl she had learned to love like a sister, and that she had promised to become the wife of Count von Walters. What wonder that I went to my lodgings with despair in my heart!

My little sister exerted herself to make things cheerful in our quiet sitting-room. She suspected nothing of the real cause of my downheartedness, for she, my confidant in everything else, had never been intrusted with the secret of my love for Dora; and, in the hope of drawing me out of my moody silence, prattled on about a number of unimportant matters. She was interrupted by a knock at the door, followed by the entrance of our landlady. The good soul apologized for coming in at so late an hour, but the postman had brought a letter for me just after we had left for the theatre, and as it bore a foreign postmark, she thought it might be important I should get it that evening. I thanked her mechanically, but a glance at the postmark caused me to tear the letter open with eager and trembling fingers; for I had often heard my father speak of an only brother who had settled in England in early youth, and from whom vague reports came, from time to time, of a successful mercantile career. The letter was postmarked London, and the heavy black border lines told the story before the seal was broken. My uncle was dead. He had never married, and on his death-bed, remembering his only brother, he had left all his wealth to him or his children. For a moment I felt stunned and faint; and Ada, throwing her arms about my neck, begged me to tell her what bad news was in my letter to make me look so strange and pale. I took her on my knee, and told her we were rich, and would have no more need to act in the theatre. We would leave this miserable little town and go to Berlin.

To my surprise, Ada again put her arms about my neck, and whispered softly, "Need we leave the theatre immediately, dear brother?"

"No, child," said I, wondering what she could mean; "but tell me why you should want to remain another day, when you can leave at once and be free from this slavery?"

"Because, dear brother," she answered, hesitating and blushing, "Fraulein Dora told me I was a great deal prettier than she was, and a better dancer; and that I should have the first place in the new dance they are to put on the stage next week. Oh, I would like to have such a triumph once! It would be such a pleasant way to say good-by to the stage."

I could deny her nothing, my little sister; and though for me it was like going into the torture-room of the Inquisition to enter the theatre and see Count Ernest on such familiar terms with Dora, I consented for the present to conceal my good fortune from our friends, and go on just the same as if nothing had happened.

The eventful evening came at length. The play was interspersed with ballet-dancing, and was to end with a grand transformation scene in which Ada and Dora were to rise as sea nymphs, in a shell-like car, from the waters of a mimic lake. It so happened, just before the last scene, I went into the room underneath the stage, where the machinery for raising the car was placed, impelled by a strange foreboding of impending misfortune, to assure myself that everything was in order, and that no precaution against accident had been neglected. There I found the master machinist, a dark and gloomy visaged man standing by the car, muttering to himself in an undertone. "Better she should die than marry the count. He has bewitched her, as he does all women. A little slit would—"

"What are you muttering to yourself?" I asked him, suddenly; "and what do you mean by these mysterious words?"

He faced me, as if struck by an unexpected blow.

"I was only examining the machinery to see that all was right," he answered, sullenly, and turned away.

I carefully examined the cords by which the car was raised. Everything appeared to be secure and in good order; and I went back to my place, trying to laugh myself out of my apprehensions. But though it was easy to argue that all was right, and that my fears arose merely from some explicable disorder of the brain, I could not feel secure. I was positive that some frightful misadventure would occur before the play was over; and every nerve was strained in the effort to maintain a calm exterior.

The play progressed. The curtain rose upon the magnificent transformation scene; and the plaudits of the audience grew tumultuous as the splendors unrolled before them. At length the car began to rise slowly and majestically, to low, sweet strains of music. I watched, with scarcely beating heart and bated breath, the first appearance of the beautiful vision—for like a vision it looked, rising and still rising, the car resplendent with all the tinsel which shone like gold, and silver, and diamonds. A sound, as of many tinkling fountains mingled with the strains of delicious music; fairy-land seemed opening upon the sight, with arching bowers and far-reaching vistas, and myriads of elfin forms disporting on the ground and in the air. For a moment I was fascinated, when Ada and Dora, in all their beauty, rose above the lake, their stately car seemingly lifted by invisible hands. I forgot my apprehensions, and once more breathed freely.

Suddenly there was a dreadful crash, and a wild cry filled the house. The car had fallen. For an instant, I felt rooted to the spot where I was standing, and then recovering my senses, rushed forward to learn the worst. As I made my way through the narrow passage under the stage, I heard some one say in a pitying tone: "Poor thing, she will never dance again!" Which was it?—Ada? Dora? I fought my way through the crowd of actors and attendants, and saw my little Ada lying senseless in Dora's arms. Throwing myself on my knees, I took her cold hands in both of mine. "My dear friend," said Dora, who was weeping silently, "she is not dead, tho' dreadfully hurt. The surgeon will be here directly. Compose yourself. She is reviving!"

My little darling opened her eyes, with a deep sigh, and looked about her with a bewildered gaze.

"Hush, little one," said Dora, softly, as she saw Ada was about to speak. "Lie still and be patient till the surgeon comes."

The gentle sufferer closed her eyes, and her little hands pressed mine with a tender grasp. The surgeon was soon on the spot. He assured me that Ada had sustained no fatal injury, but it was doubtful whether she would be able to walk again. With a piteous cry, she fell back in Dora's arms, and fainted dead away.

I had noticed no one but Ada and Dora, but at this moment I was conscious that the count was kneeling beside me, and had clasped Dora's hand. "Better she than you, my love!" he murmured.

Dora gave him a quick look of reproof. "This is no time for love-making," she answered, withdrawing her hand. "Have you no feeling for the poor girl lying here, whose whole life must be one of misery and sorrow?"

"What is this ballet girl to me?" answered the count, stung to the quick, and for a moment thrown off his guard. "Of course, I am sorry for her," he added the next moment, "but—"

At this moment Ada opened her eyes again, and a faint blush struggled with the paleness in her cheeks, as her gaze fell upon the count. A beautiful smile played upon her trembling lips, and she reached her hand toward him. "Oh, my love," she said in a low whisper—a whisper which first sent the blood mantling into Dora's face and then left it paler than snow—"you are near and I—"

Something in the count's face stopped her words.

"The girl is wandering," he said, coldly. "She does not know what she is saying."

She had fainted again. "Go, count," said Dora, hastily. "Your presence is not wanted here." Her manner was decided and even imperious, and the count did not venture to disobey; but as he left he cast upon Ada a look which caught the other's eye, and from the expression that came into her face I knew—knew even then, that he would never more hold a place in her heart.

We carried Ada home, and through the long illness which followed, Dora was her constant nurse and companion. To this dear friend was confided with many tears the secret of her heart. The count had won her love, and had promised to ask my consent to their union. Unsuspecting and confiding, she knew nothing of his attentions to Dora, and it was by his wish that she had never mentioned his name to me. I heard afterward, that he and Dora met but once after the accident, and that he endeavored to defend his perfidy on the plea that he was only amusing himself with Ada, and never had seriously thought of making her his wife. "So much the worse for you, count," said the true-hearted woman. "I shall never be your wife, and never want to see your face again."

We are married now, Dora and I. From loving Ada she learned in time to love me, and the sweet and gentle invalid, who never again will walk until she steps upon the heavenly shore, is happy in our love. No murmur ever escapes her lips. Her sweet face is never clouded. Since Dora learned her sad story, the count's name has never passed my sister's lips, nor has she ever in any way alluded to him. But Dora found her one day weeping silently over a picture which she put away without its being seen.

I have not told how the accident happened. The master machinist, himself in love with Dora, had cut several strands of the cords by which the car was secured. He openly avowed his crime, and only regretted that Dora had not been killed. "She rejected me with scorn," he said on his trial. "I was resolved she should never give her hand to another." He was manifestly a maniac. I can never forgive myself for not watching him more closely after that encounter under the stage.—From THE ALDINE for September.

HANDLING A SNAPPING TURTLE BY THE WRONG END.—A man named Gilsey, who by strict economy and severe industry, has succeeded in getting his family a little place, free of incumbrance, was fishing in Still river, near the Beaver Brook mills, on Sunday afternoon. After sitting on the bank for a couple of hours, without catching anything, he was gratified to see, on a flat stone in the water, a snapping turtle sunning itself. The butt-end of the turtle was towards him, and he thought he would capture it; but while he was looking for a place to step, the turtle gravely turned around without his knowledge, and when he got in reaching distance, and bent down to take hold of what nature designed should be taken hold of while handling a snapping turtle, that sociable animal just reached out and took hold of Mr. Gilsey's hand with a grasp that left no doubt of its sincerity. The shrieks of the unfortunate man aroused some of the neighbors, but when they arrived it was too late to be of any benefit to him, or even to themselves, for they just caught a glimpse of a bare-headed man tearing over the hill, swinging a small carpet bag in one hand, and they at once concluded that it was a narrow escape from highway robbery. However, it was not a carpet-bag he was swinging; it was that turtle, and it clung to him until he reached the White street bridge, when it let go; but the frightened man did not slacken his gait until he got home. When he reached the house, the ludicrousness of the affair burst upon him, and when his wife looked at his pale face, and bare head, and dust-begrimmed clothes, and asked him what was the matter, he said, "Nothing was the matter, only he was afraid he would be too late for church," and appeared to be much relieved to find that he wasn't.—*Danbury News.*

A GOOD DOG STORY.

It does not make any difference whether your name is Keyser or not, if you want to buy a dog, there is one for sale cheap on a canal boat now braying the billows somewhere east of Frankford. The Captain of the boat is an Oswego man, and it is one short week since he spliced his mainbrace and let out the reefs in his driver, and got three sheets in the wind, and made all necessary preparation for a prosperous voyage. His wife sang, "Write me a Letter, Love," in the cabin; his children played on deck; his steeds aired their frames on the towpath, his hand was on the rudder, and his mate was just recovering from a farewell attack of *delirium tremens* in the forward cabin. The Captain gazed proudly around him, and could think of nothing necessary to complete his happiness; but his wife, wiser than he, thought they needed a dog—a nice Newfoundland—to play with the children, fish them out when they fell into the canal, and watch the deck hands when the Captain was off after groceries.

Coming through West Utica on Saturday, the Captain bought a nice Newfoundland dog. He got him at a bargain; in fact he got him for nothing so to speak, because the man who owned the dog was not around at the time the bargain was made. The captain had the dog, but still he was not happy. The dog had a way of barking at passing crafts, and so drew upon his captain's boat frequent showers of coal and wood, and he would dive down the steep steps into the cabin suddenly and upset the captain's wife. Once he lit right on the table and spoiled a pound of butter, and he was altogether too playful.

Yesterday the captain, who is a pious man, tied up, and put out his plank just east of the city, and started with his children to go to the park and to observe the day after the manner of the vicinity. The dog started, too, and as soon as he got on shore he began to caper and wag his tail, and so wagged one of the children flat on its blessed back. The baby yelled, and the captain made some tender remarks as he set it on its pious feet, and some other remarks as he shook his fist at the dog. The dog misunderstood the man, and came running back, full of fun, and made a jump to lick his face. He missed the man, but he knocked the other child into the canal, and the father, without waiting to make any remarks, jumped in after it. The dog, being to the water born, knew just what to do, and, he went cavorting off to get a good headway, barking to himself at every jump, and just as the man got to the top of the water with his darling child, the dog took a flying leap of about twenty feet, and struck on top of the man. Well, the water that man spurted around was boiling hot with the oaths he sputtered with it, and his wife pranced around on the deck of the boat, and flung a pole to the old man, which the dog promptly dragged and pulled ashore, and that captain was nearly drowned before he trod the sod again.

The dog is an intelligent animal—very intelligent, indeed; and just as soon as he saw that mariner's face he knew that something was wrong, so he slunk up the plank on board. The captain gathered what loose granite and lumber he could in a hurried but earnest search, and marched up the plank, the grimmest figure of Neptune ever done in Mohawk Valley mud. As soon as he got on board he opened a hot fire on the dog, and that sagacious brute went yelping through the forward hatch, and stuck in the bunk, where the mate lay musing about the devil. When the mate saw the dog he thought the evil one had come for him sure enough, and he braced himself for one last fight, so that when the captain jumped down in pursuit of the dog, there was a mutual misunderstanding all around. The captain's wife looked down and tried to explain, but there was such confusion and whirlpool of bunk boards and hair, and bedding, and legs, and arms, with an occasional infusion of dog, that it seemed idle to waste her breath in talking to such a circus.

To-day the bow of that fatal craft cuts the water solemnly, and at the helm stands the wreck of that captain, fastened together with strips of plaster, and smelling of liniment, and ever and anon he surrenders the rudder to his wife while he goes forward to hammer a dejected dog, which is for sale, or to listen to the raving of the maniac confined under the forward hatch.—Utica Herald.

A CONDUCTOR on the Chicago and Alton railroad is reported to have prohibited honeymoon billing and cooing on his train. Observing a bridegroom's arm out of place, he forbade further demonstrations. "But I have a right to hug her," said John. "Not on a railroad train," said the conductor; "there is a law against unjust discriminations on railroads, and as I haven't a woman for each man on the train to hug, your action is in violation of the law, and must be stopped."

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

Friday Morning, - - Aug. 29, 1873.

Democratic County Ticket.

ASSEMBLY:
HENRY SCANLAN, Carrolltown.

SHERIFF:
HERMAN BAUMER, Conemaugh Boro'.

TREASURER:
A. D. CRISTE, Munster Township.

COMMISSIONER:
EDWARD GLASS, Ebensburg.

POOR HOUSE DIRECTOR:
ANSELM WEAKLAND, Chest Twp.

CORONER:
R. H. SINGER, Johnstown.

AUDITOR:
H. B. FREIDHOFF, Conemaugh Borough.

JURY COMMISSIONER:
HENRY TOPPER, Adams Twp.

WE expected to be able before our paper would go to press to announce the nominations made by the Democratic State Convention, which assembled at Wilkesbarre last Wednesday. But at this time (Thursday evening), we have not received a promised dispatch from Mr. McPike, who is the delegate to the Convention from this county.

P. S.—We have just learned that Judge James R. Ludlow, of Philadelphia, was nominated for Supreme Court Judge, and Frank M. Hutchinson, of Pittsburgh, for State Treasurer—both on second ballot.

HON. A. W. LOOMIS died at Cumberland, Maryland, last Saturday, in the 77th year of his age. Many years ago, and before his health failed, he practiced law in Pittsburgh, and was regarded as one of the very ablest members of the bar, when it could boast of such men as Forward, Biddle, Shaler, McCandless, and others of almost equal distinction.

ABOUT a year ago we had occasion to administer a mild rebuke to the Ashland *Advocate*, on account of a frequent practice it had fallen into of copying articles from this paper without giving the usual credit. Heeding our remarks for a time, it has again returned to its old tricks, and in its issue of last week appropriates two entire articles from the *Freeman* and publishes them as its own. This is a species of theft not tolerated among gentlemen of the press, but inasmuch as the editor's name is *Steel* (*Steal*) we presume he regards it as a legitimate part of his business.

THE Democratic County Convention of Blair county, met at Hollidaysburg last Monday and nominated the following ticket: Assembly, Jas. Funk; Sheriff, John Rockett; Prothonotary, I. P. Stewart; County Commissioner, Oliver Haggerty; Jury Commissioner, James McIntosh; Director of the Poor, Emanuel Clapper; Auditor, Robert L. Holliday; Coroner, John Hickey. A series of resolutions were adopted by the Convention, among which was the following in reference to the increase salary swindle:

4th. That when a representative in congress or the legislature agrees to serve the people at a fixed salary, it is dishonest and fraudulent in him to vote to increase it during the term, and we denounce as unjust and unjustifiable either the voting for or receiving any such increase of salary by any member, be he Democrat or Republican.

THE *Herald* of last week, in referring to the nominations to be made by the then approaching radical county convention, had another of its periodical attacks, by which we mean a chronic habit of wilfully traducing and misrepresenting the County Commissioners. If "corruption" prevails in the management of the affairs of the county, it ought to be specially set forth, and not meanly insinuated. Have the Commissioners been influenced by corrupt considerations in the erection of the new jail? Will the *Herald* dare to specify in what particular? When the effort was made to remove the county seat from Ebensburg to Johnstown, and when the main argument in favor of the insane proposition was the heavy expense of erecting the jail, the music of the *Herald* was played on a very different harp. But all that is forgotten, and it now suits its low ambition, in pursuit of a very small amount of cheap political capital, to revive this exploded question of the past which it once so fiercely assailed. It is the smallest kind of political warfare. The following is what the *Herald* said:

The management, or rather mismanagement, of Cambria county affairs has so long been in the hands of the party in power, that corruption prevails to such an extent that people can no longer endure it while it is at their cost. * * * * * * * There are the Commissioners—they who built the one hundred thousand dollar jail, or which will cost nearly that when completed. Why this extravagant outlay of the people's money when one-half of this sum would have been ample? * * * $2,500 were expended for a lot upon which the jail is built, while the county had plenty of ground much more suitable and convenient. For these reasons and many more that we could give, the people demand a change in the administration of Cambria county.

The Altoona *Tribune*, remembering the course of the *Herald* on the new jail question, copies the above twaddle and disposes of it as follows:

At the time when the project of building the new Cambria county jail was first broached, and down to and even after the period of the completion of the structure, the Republicans of Ebensburg were unanimous in the bestowal of praise of the County Commissioners for the wisdom manifested by them in making provision for what was termed a "great public necessity." They were feted and toasted, and their names were ordered to be graven over above the main door of the jail, that posterity should know to whom they were indebted for this lost link in the chain of their temporal happiness. Everything was lovely then. Now, however, when a remote hope is entertained by these same Ebensburg Republicans that a Republican Commissioner may be elected next fall, they turn around and curse those whom they once blessed, and charge the former action of the Commissioners as having been tainted with extravagance and corruption. We admire consistency. This is not consistency.

The Radical County Convention.

The Radical County Convention met in the Court House last Monday and nominated the following ticket, to be defeated at the next October election. Assembly, Samuel Henry, Ebensburg; Sheriff, John T. Harris, Johnstown; Treasurer, Thomas Griffith, Cambria township; Commissioner, James Conrad, Washington township; Poor House Director, Tobias Stutzman, Adams township; Coroner, John H. Fisher, Johnstown; Jury Commissioner, Elijah Baker, Susquehanna township; Auditor, John Cushion, Conemaugh township.

Although these nominees are all citizens of admitted respectability, for whose personal safety we have a strong regard, we nevertheless are well convinced that each and all of them have a much better chance of being struck with lightning than of being elected to the offices for which they have respectively been nominated. Samuel Henry's nomination for the third time was simply the result of an overwhelming "political necessity." No other man in the party was willing to encounter certain defeat, and because Mr. Henry has been twice elected by the aid of Democratic votes the convention rushed to the conclusion that the same result could be once more achieved. But this will not be, for the Democracy of the county are resolved that they will not again consent to be misrepresented at Harrisburg by one who has no political sympathy with them, and who has always been their active and determined foe.

John T. Harris, the candidate for Sheriff, is the present Chief of Police of Johnstown. He is said to be an efficient officer—the right man in the right place. As Johnstown will need his services in the future as she has in the past, we trust he will survive the *skinning* and *quartering* process thro' which Baumer will put him, and that he may long live to wield his truncheon in preserving peace and order in the metropolis of the county.

The nomination of Thomas Griffith for Treasurer was a complete surprise, especially to Hartman Berg and William H. Connell, his two competitors for the empty honor. A writer in the *Herald* a short time ago recommended Mr. Griffith as a fit candidate for Assembly, but it would seem that he prefers holding the key to the county treasury rather than be engaged in the vain pursuit of legislative honors. He is a man of *stamps*, and it is strongly suspected that the radical leaders in this place *set up* his nomination with the wilful design of *bleeding* him for the purposes of the campaign. Our own impression is that Thomas will not *bleed* to any alarming extent, and that the sinews of war must be furnished from the old source. With these remarks in reference to the three most important nominations, we reserve anything we may have to say about the balance of the ticket for another occasion.

THE New York *Tribune*, having been threatened with a libel suit for its article in reference to the exploits of Senator Carpenter at New York and Long Branch, which we published last week, says it "will gladly pay any sum that may be assessed as damages, to be convinced that the character of Mr. Carpenter is such that he does the Senate no disgrace in presiding over it, and that his life and conduct are such as may be held up for an example instead of a warning to the young men of the country."

Inasmuch as in a prosecution for libel in New York the *truth* of the alleged libellous matter can be given in evidence, we hazard the prediction that Matthew H. Carpenter will never face that kind of music before a jury. In referring to Carpenter's case, after this threat of legal proceedings, the *Tribune* uses the following appropriate language which will meet with a ready response from every intelligent man and independent newspaper in the country:

"It is not necessary to dwell upon the special case in hand. Our object is answered, in directing the attention of the people to the unclean life of the brilliant but unprincipled man who occupies the chair of the United States Senate, and who from his high position should be an example to the youth of the land. The politics of the country need cleansing and purifying. The politicians who debauch public sentiment and defy public opinion, who mock at virtue, scout all considerations of honesty or honor, and flaunt their vices in the nation's face, need to be held up to public gaze and reprobation. Under cover of loyalty to a righteous cause, rapacity, lust and greed have had full sway for years, and the result is the country is honeycombed with all manner of corruption. In such a state of things the only way of escape is to lift the veil and show the honesty, decent, truth loving people of the country what manner of men their rulers are. That is the work of pure and upright journalism."

Is Henry Hopple, who in 1860 was the candidate of both the Douglas and Breckenridge wings of the Democratic party in this county for Poor House Director, and was defeated by William Douglas, republican, by 210 majority, and who has repeatedly since been an unsuccessful applicant before Democratic county conventions for the same office, the same man who was balloted for in the *Radical* county convention last Monday for that identical position? If he is, then his politics, like other men's miseries, have made him acquainted with many strange bed fellows.

THE finding of the military commission which tried the Modoc Indian prisoners has been approved by the President. Captain Jack, Schonchin, Black Jim, Boston Charley, and Slouch were found guilty and sentenced to be hung at such time and place as the proper authorities should direct. The President has ordered that the sentence be duly executed at Fort Klamath, Oregon, on Friday, the 3d day of October next.

The Two Tickets.

Although we feel the utmost confidence in the election of the entire Democratic county ticket, it is well to remember that in politics, as in war, it is the part of wisdom not to underestimate the strength of the enemy. The Democratic party in this county has a clear and conceded majority of *seven hundred* votes. This being the fact, ought not the ticket which has been put in nomination come out of the contest easily triumphant, and if not, why? The tests of fitness in a candidate for any office, from the highest to the lowest, are honesty and competency. Does any man, Democrat or Republican, doubt the integrity of Henry Scanlan, the Democratic candidate for Assembly? On that score he will not suffer by a comparison with any citizen of the county. In what does a man's competency consist, in order to qualify him intelligently to discharge the duties of legislator? Is it in his ability to make long, and it may be, eloquent speeches? Such a man is not always the most useful member of the legislature, but in many notable instances the very reverse. Sound judgment and a reasonable share of that rare talent, common sense, are essential requisites in a safe and practical representative. The Democratic candidate possesses both these qualities in an equal degree with his radical opponent. The one represents a party, the principles and policy of which every democrat holds dear, while the other is the exponent of a party whose acts and policy every Democrat who believes in and honors the name, feels instinctively bound to crush out and destroy. The votes of the one will fairly represent the political views of the Democracy of the county, while the votes of the other will be given to strengthen the grasp that radicalism now has both on the State and nation.

Who doubts the ability of Herman Baumer to make a reliable and efficient Sheriff; of A. D. Criste, faithfully to discharge the duties of County Treasurer, or the honesty of Edward Glass, the candidate for County Commissioner?—an office which he once filled with acknowledged credit. Are they not the equals in every respect of their radical opponents? Beside all this, they have been fairly nominated by a convention composed of delegates from every district in the county, and should therefore receive the support of every member of the party who desires to preserve its organization and ascendancy. What radical ever deserts a party nomination to vote for a Democrat? Let every Democrat consider therefore that he is not fighting for men, but for that grand old party founded by Jefferson, upheld by the strong arm of Jackson, and which is yet destined to control the government of the country.

THE FOOLS NOT ALL DEAD YET.—The Indiana *Democrat* makes the following acknowledgement that its county contains at least one man who does not read the papers:

A gentleman from this county recently paid a visit to Philadelphia, and met with an adventure which we publish to put unwary travelers on their guard. Just as he arrived at the depot of the Pennsylvania Railroad, in West Philadelphia, he was accosted by a stranger, with the inquiry, "If he was going to Indiana." The gentleman replied that he was. The stranger then informed him that he was going out in the same train—that he was a brother-in-law of R. C. Taylor, the postmaster of this place, and that he was going to Indiana to embark in business. He asked the gentleman, as there was plenty of time, to go with him a short distance, and assist him in carrying his baggage to the depot. This was agreed to, and after proceeding a short distance, another man, the sharper's confederate, passed them, and turned around, exclaiming, "Hello, Doctor, is that you? I thought you were going to leave the city." No. 1 then told his friend that he was just preparing to leave, and that our Indiana friend was going out in the same train, to the same destination, and had kindly consented to assist him in getting his baggage to the depot. No 2 then demanded payments of a small bill before his friend left the city, but as No. 1 did not have the necessary change about his clothes, he produced several cheques, from $500 down to $50, and finally handing our Indiana friend a $50 cheque, asked him to give him $30 or it until they reached the depot. This was done at once, and the cheque handed over. In a moment afterward the Indiana gentleman found himself alone in an unfrequented part of the city, his kind friends having mysteriously disappeared. Then, for the first time, it flashed upon his mind that he was the victim of a couple of exceedingly "polite" and "genteel" sharpers. He went back to the depot a sadder and a wiser man, and as he had given the sharpers all the loose money about his person, borrowed enough to bring him home. Our friend will retain that cheque as an "their loom," and a reminder of the "ways that are dark, and the tricks that are vain."

TWO NEGROES HUNG IN MARYLAND.—Two executions, both negroes, took place in Maryland on Friday last. At a few minutes past seven o'clock Levin Palmer, at Towsendtown, Baltimore county, for rape, and at Baltimore, shortly after ten o'clock, James West, aged twenty-three years, was hanged for murder.

When Mr. Stitt, the spiritual adviser of Palmer, entered his cell, Palmer became so excited that he raved and seemed entirely to forget himself in the excess of his religious frenzy. He shouted, clapped hands, jumped up, knelt down, shook hands, and threw himself into various attitudes. The execution was accompanied by the usual scenes.

The execution of West was a sickening spectacle. His whole body was in a violent struggle, swaying two and fro; his hands clutched convulsively, and were drawn up and down, and his head moved back and forwards with spasmodic jerks. Blood gushed from his nostrels, saturating the white cap in front and behind, and streaming down his neck and shoulders. The spasms continued between five and eight minutes, after which the body was at rest.

A MAN walked into the Mayor's office in San Francisco, recently, and informed his Honor that he wanted a wife "right away." He was not particular as to size, beauty or age, providing the lady was under fifty, and he didn't want a rich wife, as he had plenty of money himself. He knew the Mayor's office was not a matrimonial agency, but he placed the utmost reliance in his Honor's taste and judgment, and he therefore wished to place the business in his hands. The Mayor told the man he would do his best, and the crazy aspirant for matrimonial honors retired, evidently satisfied with the success of his mission.

An Oregon Genius.

THE INVENTIONS OF A YOUNG MAN FROM THE BACKWOODS OF OREGON—STEAM ENGINES AND TELEGRAPHS.

It appears from the San Francisco *Chronicle* that Oregon possesses a youthful genius who deserves more than passing notice. This is his story as told by that journal: "A caveat was recently filed in the Patent Office at Washington for a new motive power, which, in the opinion of experienced engineers and scientific gentlemen who have examined the working model, will not only supplant the present steam engines in use, but largely increase the uses to which machinery can be applied with profit. Strange to say, this invention which promises such great results is the product of a boy but eighteen years of age, who was born and reared in the backwoods of Oregon. Frank G. Crouch is the name of the young genius. His father settled on a farm in Douglas county over twenty years ago, and the only educational advantages enjoyed by the young man were those afforded by the country school. At a very early age he demonstrated a wonderful ingenuity in the construction of wind-mills and water-wheels. Before he was ten years of age he built a toy saw-mill, which was the wonder of the inhabitants for miles around. Natural philosophy and chemistry were his favorite studies, not only faithfully followed in school, but fairly revelled in out of school hours. He was continually testing the theories of the book by actual experiments, and produced results which astonished his elders. The frivolous amusements of other children he turned from, and his entire time was occupied not only in practically demonstrating what he saw in print, but in endeavoring to improve on the original. Up to four years ago, when he went with his father to Portland, he never had seen a telegraphic instrument, yet in having its operation explained to him he astonished the operator with a more profound elucidation of its workings than the operator himself could have given. Upon his return home he constructed an instrument, made a battery, and in a rude way could telegraph with it. He came near losing his life at this period, from the strength of a battery which he had constructed, receiving a shock which laid him up for a month. In this connection it may be stated that this young man has perfected a system of telegraph whereby messages may be sent and received on board a train of cars, whether standing still or moving at the rate of fifty miles an hour. The young man fully explained this system to a *Chronicle* reporter, but as his application for a patent is not yet filed it would be unfair to make it public. This system also renders collisions impossible, and greatly reduces the chances of accidents of all kinds. It has been tested on twelve miles of road and found to work like a charm. Another of his inventions, from which his friends and practical machinists expect great results, is a self-regulating water-feed, to be applied to boilers. The great majority of explosions which occur are caused by the water getting low through the carelessness of engineers. By this arrangement the water in the boiler will always be kept at a certain height, rendering explosions impossible, requiring no attention from the engineer, and dispensing with the water gauges. Among all the inventions to which this young man has applied his attention, the one which he was most desirous of bringing before the public was his new steam engine. His father, who is a plain, practical farmer, endeavored to turn his attention from machinery and electricity to the every-day life of the farm, but finally he was persuaded by the unceasing importunities of the youth to go with him to Portland, and endeavor to get some capitalists to supply the money to bring out the inventions of the boy. They met with poor success in Portland, and the father, whose means are limited, endeavored to persuade his son to return home. The young man would not listen to such a proposition, and finally induced his father to come on down to San Francisco. They met with poor success here at first, but young Crouch finally succeeded in getting a miniature model of his engine manufactured. He took it down to San Jose, where several old friends of the Crouch family resided. At Judge Hester's residence, on the Alameda road, the little engine, with but two-inch cylinder and two-inch stroke, was applied to a large straw cutter, ordinarily worked by a very strong mule. It easily handled the machine, and accomplished work which the mule could not cutting off grape-vines and barrel hoops as readily as straw. The mule was substituted for the little engine, and brought to a dead stop when these things were put in the machine. Judge Moore and Mr. Bishop at once took stock in the undertaking. With the means furnished by them a large engine is now being constructed at a machine shop in this city, which will be in operation this week. The merit claimed for the new engine is that by it steam is converted into a wonderfully expansive gas, by being superheated in combination with air, thus giving to a comparatively small engine great power. By this arrangement the main obstacle which has prevented the application of machinery to many purposes will be overcome, and the steam carriage for common roads made practical. A great saving in fuel, as well as weights, is also secured by the invention of young Crouch. The engine and boiler are combined, and an engine of forty-horse power will not take up a space of six feet square."

ANOTHER OLDEST HORSE.—Some time ago we published an account of what was supposed to be the oldest horse in the world; but now comes another man who knows of a still older one, and tells about him in the New York *Evening Post* as follows: In your issue of yesterday you publish an article headed "The Oldest Horse in the World," and give a history of a horse at Lexington, Mass., which, according to that account, must now be forty or forty-one years old. Mr. Richard Jeffers, the proprietor of a horse-shoeing establishment in West Thirteenth street, near Flint avenue, in this city, owns a farm near Annadale, Staten Island, where he has in his stables a bay gelding, which he says he has owned for twenty-five years; that he bought him from a Staten Island farmer who had owned him twenty years, and who says the horse was ten years old when *he* bought him. Here is a record of fifty-five years; and the horse, as you stand in front of him, has the appearance of a hale, vigorous animal, with bright, intelligent eyes, and a prospect of many years of life and usefulness.

Mr. Jeffers drives him before an ordinary road wagon to and from the Annadale station of the Staten Island Railroad at a good trot, and the writer has seen the horse and ridden behind him within the last two months. If the account be correct this horse was venerable in years before the Lexington "oldest horse in the world" was foaled.

A bill has passed the Spanish Cortes providing for calling into active service eighty thousand of the reserves. It is easy enough to call them. Hotspur said that he could call spirits from the vasty deep, as well as Owen Glendower. The only difficultg was that they wouldn't come.

The Mifflin Fire.

A SCORE OF BUSINESS PLACES DESTROYED—THE ESTIMATED LOSS $100,000—THE FIRE THE WORK OF AN INCENDIARY.

Mifflin, situated fifty-two miles west of Harrisburg, received its second baptism of fire the past three years on Saturday morning, when the business portion of the place was destroyed and an estimated loss of $100,000 sustained.

Several railroad men were the first to observe the fire, and they gave the alarm and aroused the neighborhood. The flames were first seen issuing from the building occupied by the Juniata *Sentinel* office, corner of Bridge street and an alley, and about 100 yards from the Juniata river bridge which connects Mifflin with Pattersou. The hour at which the fire broke out (one o'clock in the morning) and the fact that there had been no fire in the building on Friday, make it reasonably certain that the conflagration is traceable to incendiarism. This is the opinion of everybody in Mifflin.

Although the night was very calm, the flames spread with considerable rapidity, the buildings contiguous to the *Sentinel* office being of frame and burning like tinder. The town has nothing but an old hand engine, and that could not be used to advantage, so that no other resistance could be offered to the spread of the fire than the efforts of the people to subdue it with buckets of water. In three hours from the time it originated nearly two blocks of buildings were in ruins, but three houses escaping destruction. But for the indefatigable efforts of the citizens the conflagration would have been far more sweeping. A stable filled with hay occupied a position on the opposite side of the alley along which the fire was raging, and on several occasions the heat set it on fire. Blankets were spread over the stable, thoroughly saturated, buckets of water were thrown on and against the building, and, although much scorched, it was saved. Had it been burned another block or more of buildings would have followed in all probability.

In one sense the fire on Saturday was more disastrous than that of January, 1871, as it destroyed the business portion of the town. The previous conflagration, however, extended over a greater area and laid waste property worth probably $180,000.

INGENUITY OF RATS.—The editor of the Bradford *Argus* tells the following story in regard to the ingenuity of the rats which infest his printing office:

For some time past we have been annoyed upon arriving at our sanctum in the morning, to find our paste-pot emptied of its contents, the work of rats which unfortunately infest the building. Tuesday morning we procured a two quart tin pail with a strong cover attached. Through the centre of the cover we punched a hole about the size of a nickle, through which we inserted the handle of the brush—which is quite a large one, as all the paste used in the composing room is furnished from this can. Before night one of our printers had occasion to use the paste, and to facilitate his work he removed the brush from its place and afterwards forgot to return it, although the cover was securely fastened over the contents of the can.—Having occasion to visit the sanctum during the evening, we, while engaged in writing up certain matters, had our attention attracted to a table in another room, about 20 feet from us, by a slight noise and the appearance of three large rats following each other towards the can. Being a little curious we kept perfectly quiet and watched the uncouth intruders. Very cautiously the leader approached to the can, walking about it, smelt and resmelt, and finally crawled on its top. His companions, like sentinels, stood below upon the table, evidently awaiting the ringleader's developments. The old fellow, after nosing about on top for a minute, came to the little hole, about which he lingered some time, evidently studying some way to get at the paste. After a short time a bright idea appeared to strike him, upon which he acted at once. Wheeling about he backed up to the hole, screwed his tail about until the end protruded through the hole, and then backed again until he could go no further. The whole of his tail was now submerged in the cream-like paste, and in a second after he withdrew it and we saw that it was covered with floury substance. Now he was in his glory. Sitting bolt upright on his haunches he swung his tail around, caught it delicately in his fore paws and quietly licked all the paste off his tail. After repeating the operation many times, until his hunger was evidently appeased, he continued his ingenious thievery for the benefit of his confederates below, whom he treated by backing to the edge of the can, and allowing his paste covered tail to hang over so they might get a chance to a good lick. We retired in a short time after this with a higher appreciation of the genius rat and his ingenious gifts. A rat-trap with more eyes than the fabled Argus is wanted by the editor, to save our paste from so tasteful a fate.

THREE CHILDREN KILLED BY LIGHTNING AND FOUR BADLY BURNED.—A correspondent of the Clarion *Democrat* says: On Tuesday, August 12th, seven children of two neighboring families residing near Centreville, Elk county, went into the woods to gather berries. In the afternoon a thunder storm was threatening, and the children started for home, but the storm broke on them in all its fury, and they sought refuge under an isolated pine tree only about forty yards from home. All gathered closely together around the trunk of the tree. Shortly after the tree was struck by lightning, and the children beneath its branches, under which they imagined themselves secure, were prostrated. Three were killed on the spot, and the other four lying for some time unconscious. A little girl, twelve years of age, the oldest among the unfortunate children, whose consciousness returned first, crawled on hands and feet toward home to tell the fearful story to their parents. The children who escaped death so far are more or less badly burnt, and two of them are yet in a critical condition.

A REMARKABLE illustration of the economy of machinery is afforded in an apparatus, invented in Paris, for making brass but-hinges for doors. The material is placed in the machine in coils of sheet brass for the two halves of the hinge body, and a coil of wire to supply the connecting bolt or rivet. As fast as it is wanted, the material is drawn off from the coils, the wings of the hinge are stamped out by punching dies to the proper shape. The salient parts, which are to form the tube for the connecting bolt, are formed upon the wire itself, which is to furnish the bolt, and this is then cut off to the proper length. Before the hinge is dismissed, the screw holes, by which it is to be secured to the wood, are formed and countersunk to the form of the screw head. One of these machines will throw off a complete hinge every second, the quality comparing very favorably with that of similar articles manufactured by the slower and ordinary methods.

A debating society in North Carolina is engaged in discussing the difference between a horse-radish and a reddish horse.

News and Political Items.

—The cradle in which Abraham Lincoln was rocked can be seen in thirteen different places in Illinois. They must have rocked him by sections.

—The three oldest citizens of Philadelphia are Coddington Cheseboro, ninety-four; Horace Binney, ninety-three; and Ambrose White, ninety-three.

—At the recent Kentucky election the Republican candidate for State Treasurer received only 2,000 votes. The negroes and their white allies did not think it worth their while to vote.

—The special committee on woman suffrage appointed by the Ohio Constitutional Convention will, the chairman states, report in favor of giving women the ballot.

—A Cincinnati editor, who has indulged in a heavy life insurance, is said to be followed, whenever he goes a fishing, by several insurance companies affectionately bearing life preservers and sun umbrellas.

—A wood-cutter recently died at St. Imler, Switzerland, in the utmost distress, and a day or two afterwards he was announced to be the winner of a lottery prize of 6,000 francs. He had no relatives, and the State, therefore, is the heir.

—Schuyler Colfax has been making a speech at Detroit, Minn. He puffed the Northern Pacific and its land grant, and said he had been to Duluth to see the lots which he owned there. A great many lots at Duluth were given away by the founder of that place.

—The women of Wyoming territory propose to make some use of the ballot. They intend to send some of their own sex to the legislature. If that body be as corrupt as some other State legislatures the experiment will prove to be a severe trial for female virtue.

—Lake Tahoe, Nevada, has a curiosity. Half a mile from shore a tree stands perpendicular in eighty feet of water. It projects ten feet above the surface, and is fastned so firmly to the bottom that it affords safe moorage to the largest crafts on the lake.

—During the hot canvass now going on in Massachusetts it has been proven that Ben. Butler did not originate the term "contraband of war" as applied to the negro. It was invented by another and appropriated by Butler. Ben. knows a good thing when he sees it and has no hesitation about appropriating it.

—An Illinois journal says: "A daughter of R. W. Porter, residing near Monmouth, while making her bed the other day, discovered a rattlesnake comfortably coiled up between the sheets. Immediately after the people of Monmouth thought the corporation law against steam whistles had been violated."

—A special from Washington says the peace policy men are preparing an appeal to be submitted to the President on the 15th prox., for the commutation of the sentence of Captain Jack and his Modoc band. As the President has already approved the sentence, it is not thought that the peace-makers stand any show of success.

—Rev. Dr. Hendrickson, Bishop of the Roman Catholic Diocese of Providence, R. I., arrived at his home, from Europe, Wednesday evening. He was received by a large gathering of his people and escorted to the Cathedral by a long procession, comprising military and civic associations. At the Cathedral the Bishop made an address of thanks for his reception.

—A Tennessee lady is getting discouraged. She does not mention how old she is, but when she first "came out" in society she made up her mind that she could only marry an Episcopalian, being herself of that denomination. Finding not the man she modified her views, and concluded to marry no one who was not a Christian. All she is looking for now is a man who does not drink whisky.

—While a Troy man was in a beer saloon, the other day, speaking to the toast, "Woman, God bless her," his wife waltzed in and led him out by the ear, and he now says that on the occasion of another festive meeting he will have that toast changed to woman something else—to which improved sentiment he will respond with an eloquence that will cast a cloud upon the fame of Daniel Webster.

—An attempt was made to assassinate General Joseph Shelby, a somewhat celebrated rebel General during the late war, and cousin of General Frank P. Blair, on Wednesday evening. While the General, with his two little boys was driving from his residence to Auville, Mo., on the evening mentioned, some unknown party fired into the carriage from the bushes and wounded the General in the hip.

—A correspondent who visited Mrs. Lee at Alexandria found her engaged in coloring a bunch of autumn leaves, which were destined for a fair to be held soon, the proceeds of which are to go towards erecting a memorial chapel to General Lee. Making fancy work for this fair and coloring pictures are Mrs. Lee's favorite occupations, and so eager is she to contribute to its success that she rises at five o'clock to begin her work.

—A Detroit woman was consulting the police the other day to see if she had good grounds for a divorce suit. She alleges that her husband is drunk about twenty-seven days out of every month; that he cut her hair off while she slept; that he wakens her at daylight by throwing a pail of water over the bed; that he has tried to force kerosene oil down her throat, and that he puts hot potatoes in her hands and then mashes them by squeezing her fingers. The police thought she didn't need any better grounds.

—At Grand Rapids, Mich., a woman keeps seventy-six cats on her premises. When one dies she has a funeral procession half a mile long, composed entirely of cats. As soon as the grave is covered she gives a signal and the whole company howl in concert. Deacon Swift, of Grand Rapids, was present on one of these occasions, and was heard to remark afterward while his wife was trying to cure his headache with cold water, that when he experienced the effects of that combined howl he lost all interest in life and inwardly prayed for sudden death.

—C. W. Snow, a finely attired villain, purporting to be wealthy, went to Woonsocket, Mass., a few months ago, and wedded a beautiful and refined young lady of that town. After squandering her ample fortune and running away it was discovered that he was a defaulter, forger and also had another wife and two children. Chas. Wesley Snow is five feet eight inches in height, rather stout, and would weigh about 150 pounds. He has dark hair and bald on the top of his head, dark eyes, and has a quick, nervous speech, and is probably trying to freeze on to another wife somewhere else, under an assumed name.

—The popular idea that melons are unhealthy is fallacious. Of course unripe or decayed ones are, and so, perhaps, are warm or partially wilted ones. A well-grown, cool, ripe melon is always palatable and always healthy. They are peculiarly beneficial in urinary obstructions or inaction of the kidneys. Hall's *Journal of Health* also recommends them in all cases of affection of the bowels, and in some cases of fever. Eaten at meals, and especially at dinner, they are nearly always beneficial and never injurious. The young, especially, should be freely indulged in melons at meal times. Taxing the stomach between meals is never desirable, however healthy the food, and should be avoided.

—A girl in Oakland, California, two years old, and small for her age, succeeded by patient, uncomplaining labor in accumulating property to the value of one thousand dollars, besides supporting her poor old mother. It is mostly in jewelry, watches and other small but valuable articles, such as she could collect here and there from the houses where she was employed.

—A baby was found in a railroad car in Boston recently, and on its dress was pinned a card which stated, "this baby belongs to Mr. Dane, of Lowell. I have had a fit of insanity." Mr. Dane was summoned by telegraph, the baby was restored to him as his property, having been sent to his house a short time previously, and was speedily restored to the maternal care of the sorrowing Mrs. Dane.

—The Lavenworth (Kansas) *Times* says a republican office-holder in that city, who was recently removed after many years' service, who footed up the net results of his official life as follows: He held office three years, at a salary of $6,000 per year—$18,000 in all; of this he had spent several thousands to influence the Legislature, and have lived at the rate of $5,000 a year. I have put $5,000 in a wholesale dry goods establishment, $10,000 into bank stock; it will cost me $25,000 to purchase a private residence, and I will purchase one half of a newspaper for $7,000, and will deposit the remaining $20,000 of my salary in bank or invest it in paper.

—The Yellowstone expedition under Gen. Stanley, has had some severe fighting with the Indians. On August 4th the expedition was attacked at Tongue river by a large party of Indians. The Indians were repulsed after a severe fight, with the loss of several warriors, while the command lost Dr. Hansinger, veterinary surgeon, the cavalry sutler, and private Ball, of the cavalry. On the 5th, while attempting to cross the Yellowstone river, the expedition was again attacked and a severe fight ensued. General Custar and Lieutenant Ketcham had their horses shot under them. Lieutenant Braden was severely wounded in the thigh. Private Tuttle, one of Custar's orderly, was killed, and several soldiers were slightly wounded. The expedition had four horses killed and seven wounded. The Indians' loss is reported by Gen. Custar at forty killed and wounded. The Indians were well armed with heavy rifles, and had abundance of ammunition.

REGISTER'S NOTICE is hereby given that the following accounts have been passed and filed in this office, and in Register's Office at Ebensburg, and will be presented to the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, for confirmation and allowance, on WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 3d, 1873.

The first and final account of [illegible] Persiling, executor of Francis Schrader, late of the borough of Johnstown, dec'd.

The first account of Lucinda Rogers, administratrix of Evan Rogers, late of the borough of Johnstown, dec'd.

The first account of Solomon Rager, executor of Peter Allbaugh, late of Conemaugh township, dec'd.

The second account of Geo. Fockler and William Kittell, executors of John Shafer, late of Ebensburg borough, dec'd.

The account of John Shafer, guardian of Harriet, Caroline and Alexander Shafer, minor children of David Shafer, late of Conemaugh township, dec'd.

The first and final account of Michael Friel, administrator of Margaret Friel, late of Allegheny township, dec'd.

The first account of John Wilkinson, guardian of George Wilkinson, late of Johnstown borough, dec'd.

The first account of John Wilkinson, guardian of John Wilkinson, a minor child of George Wilkinson, late of Johnstown borough, dec'd.

The second and final account of Wm. H. Mitchell, administratrix of John Mitchell, late of Johnstown borough, dec'd.

The first and final account of Evan E. Roberts, executor of Evan E. Roberts, late of Cambria township, dec'd.

The first and final account of Isaac Lutz and Isaac Lutz, executors of Isaac Lutz, late of Susquehanna township, dec'd.

The first account of Harriet Lewis and C. C. Lewis, administrators of Wm. Lewis, late of Johnstown borough, dec'd.

The first and final account of Jacob Krise, one of the administrators of Jacob Krise, late of Clearfield township, dec'd.

The third and partial account of Jacob Yost and Augustine Yost, administrators of Jacob Yost, late of Carroll township, dec'd.

The first account of Wm. H. Schrader, executor of Richard Thomas, late of Ebensburg borough, dec'd.

JAMES M. SINGER,
Register's Office, Ebensburg, Aug. 29, 1873.

WIDOWS' APPRAISEMENTS.—Notice is hereby given that the following Appraisements of Personal Property, set apart for the use of Widows of decedents selected and set apart by the Appraisers of the 14th day of April, 1873, have been filed in the Register's Office in Ebensburg, and will be presented to the Orphans' Court, for approval, on WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 3d, A. D. 1873, to wit:

1. Inventory and appraisement of personal property appraised and set apart to Margaret Craver, widow of Lafayette Craver, late of Carrolltown borough, dec'd.

2. Inventory and appraisement of personal property appraised and set apart to Barbara Rose, widow of John Rose, late of Susquehanna township, dec'd.

3. Inventory and appraisement of personal property appraised and set apart to C. Dumm, widow of Peter Dumm, late of Barr township, dec'd.

4. Inventory and appraisement of personal property appraised and set apart to J. Mills, widow of James Mills, late of Cambria township, dec'd.

5. Inventory and appraisement of personal property appraised and set apart to J. Glass, widow of John J. Glass, late of Allegheny township, deceased.

6. Inventory and appraisement of personal property appraised and set apart to Catharine McCarty, widow of Michael McCarty, late of Clearfield township, dec'd.

7. Inventory and appraisement of personal property appraised and set apart to A. Chardon, widow of John Chardon, late of Clearfield township, dec'd.

8. Inventory and appraisement of personal property appraised and set apart to Mary Noonan, widow of Jeremiah Noonan, late of Munster township, dec'd.

9. Inventory and appraisement of personal property appraised and set apart to Martha J. Evans, widow of E. B. Evans, late of Wilmore borough, dec'd.

JAMES M. SINGER,
Register's Office, Ebensburg, Aug. 29, 1873.

TRIAL LIST.—Cases set down for trial at a Court of Common Pleas to be held at Ebensburg, for Cambria county, commencing on Monday, Sept. 8th, 1873.

FIRST WEEK.

Malzie	vs.	Pringle
Wagner	vs.	Mills
Craver	vs.	Hipp & Co.
Lutringer	vs.	Callen
Pringle	vs.	Mellon

SECOND WEEK.

John Forsyth's use	vs.	Campbell
George Cupp	vs.	Perry
Finney & Barrons	vs.	Stephens
Summerville	vs.	Rodgers
Stephenson & others	vs.	Fleming
Hips & Lloyd	vs.	Swank
Pedan	vs.	Kelley
Suppes	vs.	Hayes
Casey, Fogarty & Co.	vs.	T. & E. Noon
Douglass	vs.	Noon
Executrix of Richey	vs.	Jones
Smith	vs.	Barker
Suppes	vs.	Hayes
O'Donnell	vs.	Fleck
Strauss	vs.	Fox Brothers
Brackan	vs.	Rodgers
Summerville	vs.	Rodgers

J. K. HITE,
Proth'y's Office, Ebensburg, Aug. 29, 1873.

E CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

Ebensburg, Pa.,

day, - - - - August 29, 1873.

OCAL AND PERSONAL.

E THIS!
READ THIS!!
PONDER THIS!!!
OBEY THIS!!!!

hose who know themselves indebted in any way to this office are earnestly request- "look up" as soon as possible. We be open for peaceable proceedings of kind until the close of the September of court. After that date all who ns for one year's subscription or up- , or owe us to a like extent for adver- , etc., may expect to receive a state- of their respective accounts per postal , and that failing, worse will follow. ave dillydallied too long for our own st, and now, come what will, *we are ined to bring matters down to a fine*

S. The postal card threat made above half its terrors in view of the fact that asters are forbidden to read such es unless they contain obscene mat- which of course they can always find ithout perusing them—just how is of e none of our business.

, There, and the Other Place.

Three new churches are being erected nstown.

alled for postal cards are to be ed at the office where received.

he Bell's Gap railroad has a hand- car for the accommodation of pas- s.

any rafts passed down the Susque- last week. For August this is a y.

squirrels are represented to be very in Allegheny and Clearfield town-

Tom. Davis was off the track some ce."—*Voice.* And ought to stay

ppersdale has a press-brick estab- nt, where they make 25,000 brick . They dry them in ovens.

he German Lutherans, the German s, and the English Catholics have select school in Johnstown.

State Senator Miles S. Humphreys, the ng men's friend in a sort of way, is ick at his home in Pittsburgh.

ll the money, and all the brandy, and rum in Mr. Leonard Kist's public East Conemaugh, were stolen last ay.

W. H. Rosensteel & Son, of Johns- have taken the first prize for manu- ed leather at the Vienna Exposi-

The annual Fair of the Indiana county ultural Society will be held at Indiana 20th of September and the 1st and of October.

erman Banmer, the Democratic can- for Sheriff, was in town on Wednes- last, and A. D. Criste, the candidate unty Treasurer, on the day previous. The Blair county Democracy enthu- ally offer to bet "two to one" that ill beat McCune 200 votes for As- next October.

The colored folks of Altoona will hold festival in the market house, that ext Wednesday, 3d proximo—to three days.

inter county farmer named Gin- ms to have raised 42½ bushels on one acre of ground—the and the grain having been meas- disinterested parties.

James Rattigan, a reporter for ittsburgh *Evening Chronicle*, and a man well known in Cambria county, en rusticating at Summit for a few of late.

the *Freeman* should seem more nusually interesting this week, the will please bear in mind that the has been called from home—dele- to the State Convention, you know.

he game of base ball played at own last Saturday, between the urs of that place and the Modocs, doona, resulted in an easy victory for mer. Score, 34 to 4 in favor of the

he festival in aid of the Presbyterian th-school, which was held in the House on last Tuesday and Wednes- evenings, was largely attended, well ized, and no doubt realized the full- pectations of those who had it in

he number of visitors at Cresson continues nearly as large as ever, e visitors seem to enjoy themselves as well as at any time during the

A hop is a nightly occurrence. Bill Linton's Summit House is also ed. The "season" will not close latter part of September.

nother Indian grave was disturbed rkmen on the water trenches, in aysburg, one day last week. It have been of great antiquity, as the had passed away and nothing re- d to mark the spot save a few teeth, and a small quantity of war paint. the *Standard*.

Friday evening last Mrs. Margaret rum, mother of the senior editor of doona *Tribune*, died at her residence city. About four months since she icken with complete paralysis of side. On Thursday night last she second stroke, affecting her whole and was, to all appearances, un- s from that time.

n. Sansom, of the Indiana *Demo-* pounds the following conundrum: would McPike, of the *Cambria* do for 'locals' were it not that is manufactured by neighbor- papers?" To which McPike and saith: Do as natural lazi- pts Bro. Sansom to do for —do without "locals." Ask us ard question, please.

is said that the Pennsylvania Rail- ompany will shortly discharge about sand employees along the line of ad, and that they have counter- an order for fifty additional loco- that were to have been built at The cause assigned for this is the on in the coal trade, owing to the general strikes in the western por- the State.

W. A. Engard, a jolly young gen- connected with the reportorial staff ney's Philadelphia *Press*, spent the portion of last night in the *Tribune* . He was here for the purpose of some stock in the Centennial Cele- —*Altoona Tribune.*

was the "jolly young" Engard in the *Tribune* sanctum the *"greater* of last Tuesday night, and that, a local option city?

he longest train ever brought over legheny mountain eastward bound, by two locomotives, arrived in Al- last evening at seven o'clock. The consisted of forty-eight loaded cars e empty cabin car, and was con- by P. Orner. Locomotive No. 950, ated by engineer Wm. Green, the train, while engine No. 952, by engineer Wm. Hudson, assisted up the western slope of the moun- These engines are both new, having eceived by the Pennsylvania Rail- ompany but a short time since from ldwin Locomotive Works, at Phila- —*Altoona Tribune.*

—Hon. John Porter, as the story goes has bought from the Cambria Iron Company the lot of ground now occupied by him as a lumber yard, corner of Washington and Clinton streets, Johnstown, paying therefor the snug sum of $10,000.

—The Central Pennsylvania Agricultural Society, of Altoona, offer $3,000 as premiums at their coming fair, for fast horses. Among these is a premium of $1,000 for horses that never trotted better than 2:40.

—The Pennsylvania Fish Commissioners have purchased the famous Donegal Springs as a hatching-house. The board has completed the stocking of the north branch of the Susquehanna and the Lehigh with black bass, one thousand of these fish being placed in the two streams. Another one hundred have been put in the dam at Williamsport. In the course of September all the waters in the State available for the purpose will be stocked with bass. During July two million seven hundred and fifty thousand shad were hatched in the Susquehanna at Newport. The Sacramento salmon and trout, which were put in a year ago, have thrived wonderfully, and the board has decided to hatch a large quantity of them as soon as the State hatching-house is completed.

—Mr. Valentine Luttringer, of this place, and Mr. Denny, of Altoona, met with an accident at Cresson on Saturday evening last, which might have resulted very seriously, if not fatally, to one or both of them. While walking on the pike a few rods east of the culvert or bridge over which the Pennsylvania railroad is constructed at that place, a young man riding on horseback came along in the rear at quite a rapid pace, the horse running against them and knocking both of them down. A train was passing over the railroad at the time, and owing to the noise it occasioned the above named gentlemen failed to hear the approaching animal and its careless rider until they received the shock. Mr. Denny received quite painful injuries on his right arm and side, but Mr. Luttringer escaped with a few slight scratches.

—The Johnstown *Tribune* of last Monday says: "A very precocious youth of fifteen years tried to commit suicide at the house of his parents, in Conemaugh Borough, on Saturday evening last. His supper was not prepared for him immediately upon his arrival, and, instead of jawing the 'old woman,' he merely went up stairs and tried to choke himself to death with a woolen comforter. Not being able to succeed in this laudable undertaking, he then procured a bed-cord, and making a noose he adjusted it around his neck, and tried to suspend himself from the bed-post. He might possibly have been able to put a period to his existence this time, but his mother went up stairs to inform the young man that supper was ready and discovered him just in time to prevent the accomplishment of his rash purpose. A good strong diet of hickory rod is all that this progressive youth needs to cure him for his desire for a violent death.

MEETING OF THE CENTENNIAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.—The Centennial Executive Committee of the State of Pennsylvania held their first meeting at the Logan House, in Altoona, on Tuesday afternoon of this week. Among the members in attendance were ex-Governor Pollock, ex-Governor Bigler, Hon. John Scott, Hon. L. A. Mackey and other distinguished gentlemen, all of whom exhibited a warm feeling of interest in the success of the great Centennial Celebration which is to be held in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, in the year 1876.

At their meeting on Tuesday the Executive Committee passed a number of resolutions urging upon the people of the State, outside the city of Philadelphia, to appropriate a half million dollars to the Centennial project, deeming that sum to be a moderate one for the purpose, and trusting that it would be promptly secured. A number of district committees and subcommittees were appointed for the purpose of apportioning to the several towns, districts and wards the proper share of the whole amount assessed upon the several counties on the basis of $500,000 for the State. The stock is ten dollars per share, 20 per cent. of which is payable on subscription, or in a brief period thereafter, and the balance upon three months notice in the years 1874 and '75. For the purpose of equalizing the position of subscribers to the stock, six per cent. interest will be allowed on all amounts paid in till the first of May, 1876.

We trust that the people of Cambria county will not fall a whit behind those of their sister counties in promptly subscribing for their apportioned amount of Centennial stock. The celebration should be made a grand success, and from recent developments we feel assured that the management intend making it just what it should be. Among the members of the District Committee we notice the name of Mr. Geo. F. Bates, of Johnstown, for the Eighteenth District.

A KIND ACT KINDLY ACKNOWLEDGED.—The following correspondence, which has been handed us for publication, is sufficiently explicit to need no comment other than that which will readily suggest itself to the reader's mind, but we cannot refrain from saying that the act which has called forth this correspondence is well worthy of commendation, and that the money thus contributed has, in the language of "late lamented" Oakes Ames, "been placed where it will do the most good:"

BELMONT, Aug. 21, 1872.

MR. EDIE—Please accept from some of the guests at Belmont and Mr. Lloyd's the sum of forty dollars, contributed to aid in procuring sufficient light for the evening services in your church.

Hoping you may be successful in getting it soon accomplished, and may enjoy the change so much needed,

I remain, truly,
MRS. R. A. MCCOY.

EBENSBURG, Aug. 23, 1873.

MRS. R. A. MCCOY:—I was directed by a unanimous vote, at our evening meeting on last Thursday, to return to you, and through you to the other contributors, our very sincere thanks for the handsome contribution of "forty dollars to aid in securing sufficient light for the evening services" in our "church." The Trustees have the matter under consideration, and we hope to have the improvement made in a few days, so that the donors may *see* and *"enjoy* the change so much needed." With many thanks to all the contributors,

I remain very truly yours,
J. W. EDIE.

HOUSE BURNED.—Yesterday morning, about 3 o'clock, the new frame dwelling house of Mr. James Maloney, of this place, situate on the south side of Lloyd street, between Centre and Julian streets, in the West Ward, was entirely destroyed by fire. The fire was first discovered by Mr. Maloney himself, who was very ill at the time and was the only occupant of the house. The wind being from the south-east, large flakes of burning shingles, gradually dying out, were blown so far as Main street, but the air being damp and heavy, they were extinguished almost as soon as they touched the roofs of the intervening buildings. All the household effects were consumed, amounting to about two hundred dollars. There was an insurance on the property, but we do not know its amount. The origin of the fire is not definitely known.

Radical County Convention.

At the appointed time the Convention met at the Court House, and was called to order by the Chairman, Mr. George T. Swank. Mr. S. opened the ball in a decorous and dignified manner. He is a gentleman of considerable longitude, but very little latitude. It would have required a clear day and a strong sun to have thrown a shadow for him.

A. M. Gregg, Esq., presided, and was quite courteous and fair in his decisions, which he had acquired while running as Register and Recorder for the Breckenridge wing of the Democratic party a few years since.

Samuel Henry, Esq., was nominated for Assembly, but an East Ward, Ebensburg, delegate declared that Samuel Henry would not take the nomination. Another delegate, with a knowing look, asserted that Mr. Henry would not decline if a strong ticket was nominated. The Convention, not seeming disposed to risk this, Mr. Swank (who from Chairman subsided, or rather, enlarged into a delegate), proposed that he be nominated by acclamation, and a committee of three be appointed to wait upon him.

A recess of ten minutes (after 20 minutes discussion) was taken, which seemed to be well improved by some of the delegates, and the committee reported that they had procured the acquiescence of Mr. Henry.

John T. Harris was then unanimously nominated for Sheriff.

Nominations were then made for Treasurer, and Thomas Griffith was the unlucky man. Two first-class candidates were offered from Ebensburg—Hartman Berg and William H. Connell—and, while Berg had 24 votes and Connell 19, Griffith had one majority over both. Both these gentlemen had canvassed actively for the nomination—both are very fair men—but the Johnstown delegates nominated Griffith, who had never been named as a candidate till that morning, when Adams township voted first on the list. Her delegates, both Germans, voted for Griffith, though they could not pronounce his name and did not know him from the Shah of Persia.

The fact that Griffith is worth $100,000 may account for this, as the other gentlemen, more popular, are comparatively poor. Mr. Griffith would not serve, if elected. We will "bet $10, and prove it," that he will not be elected at all, as the people will not vote for a man who does not want the office, and will not fill it.

Commissioner came next and George Myers, who ran last fall a very high vote, was named, and undertook to follow Henry's course and have the nomination pressed upon him; but the Convention had set up another idol, and, instead of Myers, who was beaten only 68, they put up James Conrad, who has been repeatedly beaten 800 or 900 votes.

For Poor House Director the northern delegates tried hard to nominate Henry Hopple, a Democrat, by way of creating a diversion, but here again they failed, as the Johnstown forces rallied on Tobias Stutzman and made him the candidate.

John Cushon was then nominated for Auditor. He is a man of much weight, drawing some 200, and a good speaker. For Jury Commissioner E. P. Barker came in. It is thought by many that *he* can be elected.

John H. Fisher, Esq., an excellent man was nominated for Coroner, defeating Jas. Cunningham, of Carroll, because in that locality there would be no dead-heads to sit on; and John D. Barkley, a first-rate man, who was defeated on account of the "Unholy Traffic."

A committee was then named, whose chairman we did not learn, and resolutions were passed in favor of giving the radicals the offices.

The subject of local option was not touched upon, and *practically* ignored by the delegates. They did not undertake to explain why a radical Legislature forced it upon the people. It was clear it could not be forced on the members of the Convention.

The Convention was nearly full—some of the members *very*. Two of the delegates addressed the chair twenty-six times each, and always followed each other.

In the main, however, the Convention was composed of honest and intelligent gentlemen, but the nominations were mainly agreed upon before the Convention met.

The Convention was held on Monday. At the present writing (Wednesday evening) all the delegates have left, excepting one, who, as we write, is calmly reposing on our steps, in the consciousness of having performed his duty.

For the *facts* in the foregoing we are indebted to a friend—the deductions are our own.

THE GERMAN REUNION.—The Grand Reunion of the Germans of Huntingdon, Blair and Cambria counties, took place in a grove near Summitville, yesterday week. An immense concourse of people were present. The festivities were presided over by Fred. Jackel, Esq., of Hollidaysburg, and numerous speeches, both in German and English, were delivered. After the speaking was concluded, the following resolutions were read by Mr. Jackel, and unanimously adopted:

1st. That the Germans of Blair, Cambria, and Huntingdon counties permanently organize an association.

2d. That the Committee now serving be retained until a new one has been elected.

3d. That we tender our hearty thanks to the English speakers who so ably addressed us to-day.

Music, singing and dancing were the order of the day, and the crowd, after enjoying themselves to the full of their bent, separated at an early hour in the evening. It is the intention of the Germans to hold an annual meeting of the same character. If we live, we hope to be present at the next reunion.

THAT FROG.—We have been requested by the gentleman who is most mixed up in the matter, to say to the local editor of the Altoona *Tribune*, that his account of the frog catching which was recently attempted in this region, is "flat, stale and unprofitable" when compared with the fearful reality. It is just as utterly impossible for him or any other man fitly and adequately to describe that mill-dam adventure, as it would be "to gild refined gold, to paint the lilly or add perfume to the violet." To be fully appreciated, requires it to have been *seen* in all the immense proportions of its unsurpassed folly and absurdity.

MOUNTAIN GINGERBREAD.—Take half pound butter, quarter pound sugar, six eggs, and whites beaten separately; one teaspoonful each of ground cinnamon, allspice and cloves, one table-spoonful ginger, three-quarters pint of molasses, four table-spoonfuls sweet milk, and one pound of flour, having in it one measure of Banner Baking Powder.

Each can of the Banner Baking Powder contains a small measure, to be used even full, according to printed directions. If you cannot obtain this very valuable article from your grocer, send twenty-five cents by mail, addressed to Banner Baking Powder, P. O. Lock Box 317, Pittsburgh, Pa., and you will receive, postage paid, a quarter pound package, together with a list of fifty valuable Recipes.

John Stehle and Conrad Bender, of Altoona, who have been on a tour through Europe, have reached their homes in safety.

Literary Notices.

Nothing finer has yet been produced in this country in the form of a magazine than the September *Aldine*. Europe and America have been laid under contribution to furnish the most marvellously beautiful pictures which the best artists can produce. Mr. A. F. Bunner has a series of three magnificent views in the Rocky Mountains, made expressly for *The Aldine*. In these days of Yellowstone expeditions and excursions to this famous region these pictures possess unusual interest. A full-page view of Clear Creek Canon, Rocky Mountains, opens up the wonderful grandeur of those hidden solitudes in a way to make them seem real; a large picture of the Snowy Range of the Sierra Madre is wild, gloomy and grand, while a sketch of the interior of the Rocky Mountains gives one the impression that all the world is made of mountains. A charming full-page picture after Lejeune, a French artist, called "The Blue Bird," shows a bewitching young woman confined in a strong tower to keep her from her lover. Mr. John Hows, a New York artist, has a full-page study of "Brookside Willows," remarkable for its faithful interpretation of nature and minute detail. A finer picture is seldom seen. Mary A. Hallock gives a society sketch called "Who is It?" of two ladies peeping down stairs to catch a glimpse of the man at the hall door. Dore, the great French artist, furnishes two large pictures illustrating the fairy tale of the "Sleeping Beauty." One of these shows the wonderful "Sleeping Palace," with the huntsmen in profound slumber; the other mirrors the "Sleeping Beauty" in her vine-covered balcony in the golden sunlight. These two pictures are magical in their effect, and full of the subtle genius of Dore. Peter Moran has a carefully drawn picture called an "American Farm Scene," which is truthful and characteristic. There is also a fine picture of "Emperor Charles V. and Titian, after Becker, which illustrates a well-known historical event. "A Skye Terrier" closes the grand list of illustrations for September. Each of these pictures are well described in the letterpress, the editorial articles on "Colorado" and the "Sleeping Beauty" being of special interest. Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr opens the number with an exquisite poem of considerable length, entitled "Rena; a Legend of Brussels." It has all the beauty and grace of Tennyson's "Locksley Hall," which it resembles. R. K. Weeks adds a gem of a poem called "In September." The prose contributions are all excellent. "A Great Man in a Green Hat" is a capital satire on the modern art of "interviewing," written by G. P. Lathrop. "F. W." has a chatty article "Concerning Costumes." "The Burgomaster in a Bottle" is one of those quaint French stories which only Messrs. Erckmann-Chatrian could have written. "On The Trap" is an exciting love story by E. B. Leonard. W. W. Bailey has one of his pleasant and readable assays on "Motion in Plants." James Jackson Jarves, the well known writer on art, contributes a very interesting account of "Mrs. Browning's English Home." The departments of Music, Art and Literature are each well filled with good solid reading matter, fully maintaining the high reputation *The Aldine* has long since earned. Subscription price $5, including chromos "Village Belle" and "Crossing the Moor." Jas. Sutton & Co., publishers, 58 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for September, now on our table, must be pronounced by every reader a capital number. Its examination has given us much satisfaction. It contains over twenty set articles, besides shorter papers, among them being Hiram Powers, with portrait; Extraordinary Scientific Discovery; Living Unto Life; Dr. Horatius Bonar, with portrait; Laughter, illustrated; Sketches from Real Life, No. 4, illustrated; Good Behavior, which everybody should read; Prof. J. M. Kieffer, with portrait; Mary Lee's Dream, a story for teachers; Over-training; Curiosities of Abstinence; Local Option, or The Temperance Experiment at Vineland; Dr. Wilder's Wit and Wisdom; From Cheboygan to Mackinaw on Ice; The Chinese Wheelbarrow, illustrated; John T. Gordon, a Murderer, with portrait, etc. Subscription price, $3 a year. S. R. Wells, Publisher, 389 Broadway, New York.

"THROW PHYSIC TO THE DOGS."—"THE GRAPHIC" recently gave an illustration of the new chromo issued by the Murray Hill Publishing Co., 129 East Twenty-eighth Street, N. Y., from Bispham's painting—"Throw Physic to the Dogs." The subject is a little girl physicing various specimens of the canine race. The scene is a laughable one, and the different attitudes of the dogs are exceedingly pleasing.

It was designed to illustrate Dr. Foote's aversion to drugs, and accompanies each copy of his well-known work, "Plain Home Talk and Medical Common Sense." The Doctor's practice is thoroughly "New School," and in this way he stands prominently out from the profession a successful practitioner.

The book is a volume of 912 pages and 200 illustrations, filled with facts and reason relating to mankind, and their social and physical status. The *Graphic* says of it: "It is an encyclopedia of useful knowledge." A noted clergyman of this city testifies to its merits, remarking: "It is a library in itself." The *Franklin Repository*, of Chambersburg, Pa., speaks of the picture as "a beautiful chromo, very pleasant, and so enjoyable as to be almost good company."—*New York Express.*

BALLOU'S MAGAZINE FOR SEPTEMBER.—This Magazine, a universal favorite with all classes of society, rich and poor, is issued for September, and a rare number it is, brim full of genuine matter such as interests all readers. It has a tale, whalemen's adventure, telling of venture in the arctic regions (which was crowded out of the August number), and a well written sketch about newspaper reporters, contributed by one of that useful profession, the celebrated M. Quad of the Detroit Free Press, a most promising young writer, who served through the war as a soldier, has passed many months in the Indian country as a trapper and hunter, and now acts as editor. In addition to all this is a well prepared paper on Brazil, several beautiful stories, an extra good supply of poetry, and among the latter is a poem by Miss Mosby of Virginia, a near relation of the celebrated Colonel Mosby of guerrilla fame, and the usual illustrations and comic cuts. All the back numbers from January supplied by the publishers, THOMES & TALBOT, 36 Bromfield street, Boston, and for sale at all periodical stores in the country.

RIGHT ON THE RECORD.—Now and then a rumor reaches the public ear that somebody, generally a resident of the rural districts, has been "taken in and done for" on a sewing machine, or some other labor-saving invention. In a few instances these dishonest dogdges have been ventilated through the newspapers, one or two cases having recently been reported, wherein a sewing machine agent is said to have been granted the privilege of leaving machines at certain houses until he would call for them, receiving in return what purported to be an acknowledgement of such fact, duly signed by the proprietors of such houses, but what afterward proved to be exemption notes, payable within a specified time. We say stories of this kind have been told time and again, but whether true or false it is not our purpose now to inquire. We merely wish to say that, if true, Mr. M. L. Brown, of this place, agent for the renowned and unsurpassable Singer Sewing Machine, is *not* the man who did the swindling. He has a machine that can and does recommend itself, and he has come among us to make an honest living in an honest way, and would not resort to any disreputable dodges if a fortune could be made in the operation. We know these statements to be facts, and while we can truthfully say, after an experience of several years in our own family, that the Singer machine is without a superior, we can just emphatically declare that Mr. Brown is above and beyond a mean or mercenary act of any kind. He believes, as we believe, that no family should do without a sewing machine, and thus believing he offers, on the most liberal terms, a machine that never has and never will fail to give entire satisfaction in every instance, and if the parties whom he solicits do not see fit to purchase that is the end of the transaction. He deals fairly and squarely, and deserves to be dealt with in like manner. Let him be encouraged.

[ORIGINAL.]

To Annie E W., on being Presented by her with a Flower.

BY MINNIE MYRTLE.

You call this flower a simple gift,
And grieve no costlier you can make,
But I, dear friend, deem it as one
A queen might stoop to take.
'Tis not in the gift alone,
But in the love that prompts the giving—
'Tis that for which your flower I prize.

And I will ever keep it, Annie,
This flow'ret sweet and fair,
And hold it as the precious token
Of friendship true and rare.
I know its fragrance soon will die,
And soon its beauty perish,
Still, with gentle, tender care,
The scentless, withered leaves I'll cherish.

For, in their blighted beauty they will be
To me an emblem of the past—
Of happy, peaceful days,
That were too sweet to last,
And, too, they'll mind me, that life's joys
Exist but for an hour;
And that our brightest hopes may fade
As did this little flower.

Thus, doubly dear 'twill be to me,
And when my lips shall press
Its pale and withered leaves
I'll pray that God may shield, and bless,
And guard thee, dear, from ill;
And, Annie, should e'er the fate be mine
To stand beside thy tomb,
Fair flowers theron my hands shall place,
To waft o'er their sweet perfume.

DUDLEY, PA., 1873.

DON'T GIVE IT UP!—'Tis folly to fret or get into a pet about the trials or cares that come on unawares; 'twould be better by far to take things as they are, and always seek to beguile with a laugh or a smile all of life's troublesome topics, or else take a run down to famous Johnstown, and while there pop into Coppock's cheap dry goods and fancy goods emporium, under the Opera House, 112 Main street, Johnstown, where a lovely stock for ladies' wear and household use can always be found in great profusion and at prices no other dealer can compete with.

OH! where are you going, my amiable friend?—oh! where are you going? said one to another. I am going a new suit of clothes to buy from S. J. Hess & Brother. Oh! where do they keep, my amiable friend?—oh! where do they keep? said he. They keep at 141 Main street, and their store you shall quickly see. Then I will go with you, my amiable friend—then I will go with you, said he. So they both went together and with suits for mild weather they were soon fitted to a T, T, T. Go thou and do likewise, dear reader.

THE MAN in the moon was looking at the made-up clothing of James J. Murphy, 109 Clinton street, Johnstown, the other night, with the evident intention of making a purchase. He can't shine without a new suit from Murphy, neither can the young men of Cambria county shine unless they go and do likewise. Murphy is the cheapest and cleverest man to buy from you ever read about.

THE apple which Eve presented to Adam is said to have caused Adam to make such a wry face that the whole garden became distorted in appearance, but that alleged fact does not prevent E. J. Mills from selling the cheapest and choicest flour, feed and groceries ever brought to Ebensburg. His flour is just fresh from the *Mills*, which is a great advantage. Call on him for provisions.

TRADE WINDS.—Tell me, ye winged winds that round my pathway roar—tell, oh! tell me where, oh! where I'll find the cheapest store? The winds replied and this they said, I never yet in all my trade have had the luck to suit my mind more fully in goods of every kind than Myers & Lloyd's cheap store complete, whose stock and prices none can beat.

For Loss of Appetite, Dyspepsia, Indigestion Depression of Spirit, and General Debility, in their various forms, PERRO-PHOSPHORATED ELIXER OF CALISAYA made by CASWELL, HAZARD & CO., New York, and sold by *all* druggists, is the best tonic. As a stimulant tonic for patients recovering from fevers or other sickness, it has no equal. If taken during the season, it prevents fever and ague and other intermittent fevers. [5-16.-4t.]

HYMENEAL.

WAGNER-ROBERTS.—Married, in Jackson township, on Tuesday last, by Rev. Wm. Byers, Mr. JACOB WAGNER, of Blacklick township, and Mrs. SARAH ROBERTS of Cambria township

WOLF-HERSHEL.—Married, in the Catholic church in this place, on Tuesday last, by Rev. Father Gabriel, Mr. GEO. A. WOLF of this place, and Miss KATE HERSHEL, of Carroll Tp.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

WANDTED.—Eight teachers for the Schools of Washington Township. Applicants will be examined by the County Superintendent, at Cresson, on the *19th day of September*, commencing at 9 o'clock A. M.
P. M'GOUGH,
Portage, Aug. 25, 1873.-3t. Secretary.

NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given to all parties indebted to the undersigned, that he is in need of money, and must have it. Those who desire to save costs will do so by calling and settling at once.
Ebensburg Aug. 21, 73. V. LUTTRINGER.

STRAY NOTICE.—Strayed from the premises of the subscriber, in the borough of Conemaugh, on or about Sunday, August 24, a small fresh milch cow, with black and white spots, lump on hind leg, and between three and four years old. Any person giving information of said cow will be liberally rewarded.
JOHN FITZHARRIS.
Ebensburg, Aug. 29, 1873.

POOR HOUSE ORDERS.—All persons holding Poor House orders bearing interest, are notified to present them to the Board of Poor House Directors immediately, in order that orders for the accrued interest may be issued, as all interest on the same will cease after the 1st of September next. By order of the Poor House Directors. JOHN COX,
Ebensburg, Aug. 29, 1873.-3t. Treasurer.

STRAY BULL.—Came to the premises of the subscriber, in Chest township, June 25th, a two-year-old BLACK BULL, with a white spot on his face, one between his horns, another on each side of his head, and still another on each of his knees; is white from the breast backward, and has a red stripe on his back. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges, and take him away; otherwise he will be disposed of according to law. JOHN ALBRIGHT.
Chest township, Aug. 22, 1873.-3t

ADJOURNED

Administrator's Sale

THE undersigned, Administrators of the Estate of ANDREW WEIBLE, late of Cambria township, Cambria county, deceased, will offer at Public Sale, on **Saturday, September 6th, '73, at 10 o'clock, A. M.**, the following personal property, to wit: 1 three-year old Dark Bay or Brown Horse, 2 Milch Cows, 1 Yearling Bull, 4 two-year old Young Cattle, 1 Sow and Pigs; 1 Mower and Reaper combined, in excellent order, 1 Hay-Fork, Rope and Pulleys, 1 Sled, 1 Horse Hay-Rake, 4 Wind-Mills, Ploughs, Harrows, Shovels, Forks, Log-Chains, Digging-Bar, Cross-cut Saw, Cutting-Box, Cider Mill and Press, 2 sets Heavy Harness, Hay by the ton, &c.; 1 Egg Stove, 1 Cooking Stove and Utensils, large Iron Kettle, Bedsteads and Bedding, Clothes-Press, Cupboard, Chairs, Tables, Doughtray, 24 yards Carpet, and a large lot of Farm Implements and Household Furniture not here mentioned.

☞ Terms will be made known on day of sale and a reasonable credit will be given.

THERESA A. WEIBLE,
THOMAS HOOVER, } Adm'rs.
Cambria Twp., Aug. 21, 1873.

ESTATE NOTICE.—Having been granted Letters of Administration on the estate of CATHARINE MCLAUGHLIN, late of the Township of Washington, County of Cambria, deceased, I give notice to all parties indebted to said estate that they must make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them duly authenticated for settlement.
MICHAEL BRADLEY, Administrator.
Washington Twp., July 18, 1873.-6t.

T. W. DICK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in front room of T. J. Lloyd's new building, Centre street. All manner of legal business attended to satisfactorily, and collections a specialty. [10-14.-tf.]

SHERIFF'S SALES.—By virtue of sundry writs of *Levari Facias, Vend. Expon* and *Al. Vend. Expon.*, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county and to me directed, there will be exposed to Public Sale, at the Court House in Ebensburg, on **Monday, the 1st day of September next**, at 1 o'clock, P. M., the following Real Estate, to wit:

ALL the right, title and interest of Mrs. Jane Mullen, (intermarried with Isaac) of, in and to a piece or lot of ground situate in Washington township, Cambria county, adjoining lot of Mrs. Sanford on the west, Mrs. Murphy on the east, and others, having thereon erected a two-story frame house and a frame stable, now in the occupancy of Mrs. Jane Mullen. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Wood, Morrell & Co.

Also, all the right, title and interest of John King, of, in and to the following real estate, to wit: All the two tracts of land situate in the Township of Conemaugh, in the County of Cambria and State of Pennsylvania,—one thereof situate near the Viaduct, on the Portage Railroad, bounding on the Conemaugh river and adjoining the farm lately owned by Geo. Warner, and containing 230 acres and 21 perches, surveyed in pursuance of a warrant in the name of Daniel Neis; the other situate in and adjoining the above described tract and the said farm lately owned by George Warner on the south, east and west sides thereof, and containing 53½ acres, more or less, after deducting the part of said tract, being 56 acres; together with the hereditaments and appurtenances. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of the Cambria Iron Company.

Also, all the right, title and interest of Mary Ripple and Samuel Ripple, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Jackson township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of Sarah Leidy, Daniel Rager, and others, containing about 51 acres, more or less, about 40 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two-story log house, now in the occupancy of Sam'l Ripple. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Michael Rager, administrator of Peter Rager, deceased.

Also, all the right, title and interest of Evan E. Evans, of, in and to the one undivided three-quarters tract of land situate in Washington township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of William Tiley, Peter Myers and V. Quarts, and others, containing 47 acres and 147 perches, more or less, improved. *Also*, the one undivided third of a tract of land situate in Cambria twp., Cambria county, adjoining lands of E. Roberts, lands formerly belonging to the estate of Jabez Tibbott, lands of John Seehler & Sons, James Myers, and others, containing 114 acres and 110 perches, more or less, unimproved. *Also*, the one undivided half of a tract of land situate in Cambria township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of George J. Rodgers, A. A. Barker, and others, containing 6 acres and 126 perches, more or less, improved. *Also*, the one undivided half of a tract of land situate in Cambria township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of David Davis, lands formerly belonging to the estate of Festus Tibbott, dec'd, and others, containing 5 acres and 150 perches, more or less, improved. *Also*, the one undivided third of a lot of ground situate in the Borough of Ebensburg, Cambria county, fronting on Horner street, extending along said street 66 feet, thence extending along Centre street 200 feet, bounded on the east by Lots Nos. 7 and 8 on the plan of Mooretown, improved. *Also*, a lot of ground situate in Ebensburg borough, Cambria county, fronting on Julian street on the east and extending back to an alley, adjoining lot of T. J. Spence on the north and an alley on the south having thereon erected a two-story frame house and frame stable, now in the occupancy of Rob't R. Thomas and Mrs. Edwards. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Richard H. Tudor.

Also, all the right, title and interest of Peter M'Gough, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Clearfield township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of John Nagle, jr., Philip Cooper, and others, containing 79 acres, more or less, about 50 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two-story frame house and a frame barn, now in the occupancy of Peter McGough. *Also*, a piece or parcel of land situate in Clearfield township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of John Neeson, Andrew Burgoon, and others, containing 30 acres, more or less, having thereon erected a water saw-mill, now in the occupancy of Peter McGough. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of the Johnstown Mechanical Works.

Also, all the right, title and interest of Mary Constable and Alfred Constable, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Jackson twp., Cambria county, adjoining lands of Sam'l Rippie, John Kelly, and Henry Rager, containing 106 acres, more or less, about 75 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two-story log house and a log barn, now in the occupancy of David T. Rodgers. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of George Wehn, sr.

Also, all the right, title and interest of John P. Parrish, of, in and to a lot of ground situate at Portage Station, Washington twp., Cambria county, fronting on the Portage Railroad and adjoining lots of Henry Allenbaugh and Mrs. Rose McGough, having thereon erected a two-story plank house, now in the occupancy of John P. Parrish. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Julius Blumenthal.

Also, all the right, title and interest of Jas. Rose, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Adams township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of Mich'l Sherly, Christian Kelly, and others, containing 173 acres, more or less, about 100 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a one-and-a-half-story log house, now in the occupancy of James Rose. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Adam Rose.

Also, all the right, title and interest of Adam Bowers, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Susquehanna township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of Washington Lloyd, Peter Stiffler, and others, containing 5 acres, more or less, having thereon erected a one-and-a-half-story plank house, now in the occupancy of Joseph Bowers, and a one-and-a-half-story plank house and a shoemaker shop, now in the occupancy of Adam Bowers. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Peter Steffy, for use of James Graham, now for use of John Sutton and John P. Blair, administrators of James Sutton, deceased.

Also, all the right, title and interest of John S. Luther, of, in a piece or parcel of land situate in Carroll township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of Joseph Houk, Francis Luther, and others, containing 130 acres, more or less, about 90 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a one-and-a-half-story plank house and a frame barn, now in the occupancy of John S. Luther. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of M. A. Shoemaker.

P. B. BONACKER, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, Aug. 5, 1873.

VALUABLE

Coal and Timber PROPERTY AT PRIVATE SALE!

SITUATE AT CRESSON STATION, PA. R. R.,

—CONTAINING—

2,000 Acres,

more or less, underlaid with the

Best Quality of MOUNTAIN COAL.

A portion of the Land well timbered with

HEMLOCK, OAK, CHESTNUT, &c.

☞ The attention of persons wishing to engage in the mining of Coal and manufacture of Coke is particularly invited to this sale, as the Lands offered surpass, either for speculation or safe investment, any property to be found in Western Pennsylvania.

All information given by addressing
JNO. E. SCANLAN,
Executor of M. M. ADAMS, dec'd.
Ebensburg, Aug. 22, 1873.-tf.

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.—Letters of Administration on the Estate of ANDREW WEIBEL, late of Cambria township, Cambria county, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of said county, all persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.
THERESA A. WEIBLE, Adm'x.
THOMAS HOOVER, Adm'r.
Cambria Twp., Aug. 8, 1873.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.
Estate of PETER WEAKLAND, dec'd.
Letters Testamentary on the estate of PETER WEAKL

Alleged Discoveries in Siberia.

MAMMOTHS, WOOLY HORSES, AND SEA MONSTERS.

The New York *World* publishes what purports to be a letter from Moscow, June 8, giving an account of the adventures of a Russian named Cheriton Batchmatchnik, who, sentenced to hard labor for life in the mines of Nestchiuck, Siberia, made his escape after four years, and in the course of his subsequent wanderings, made some wonderful discoveries, on account of which, and the hardships he has undergone, he has received a pardon from his government.

Having reached the summit of the Aldan range of mountains, right at his feet he beheld a parallelogram of valley 50 miles wide, 150 miles long, and with a blue, quiet lake in the centre. To descend into this valley would be to get into a cul-de-sac but Cheriton looked at the bleak, snowy region behind him, and then down into the valley before him—green, placid, quiet, cheerful—and hesitated no longer. He could see no sign of habitation anywhere, but animals were browsing on the meadows by the lake, what sort he could not detect at that distance. He descended to the pass, put a new string to his bow, loaded his pistol afresh, tightened his belt, and began to go down the mountain toward the valley.

As he descended, the snow grew less deep, and he camped that night on a bed of fragrant mosses, such as the reindeer loves, that was entirely free from snow. The next day, having his sled, he continued to descend the mountain side, which sloped regularly downward, without being materially broken by spurs. As he descended, it was quite evident that the valley was of a great depth, and far below the level of the steppes on the other side of the range. Indeed, if his observations are at all to be relied upon, the lowest part of this singular land-locked valley must be not above the level of the sea, if, as he supposes, it be not several hundred feet below it, like the valley of the Dead Sea. Cheriton soon came in his downward course to a vast forest of firs, larches, pines, spruces and ash, through which progress was difficult, and at times almost impossible. Several species of deer, some of which he knew, and others which he had never seen before, ranged this forest in great numbers, feeding upon a crisp, green herbage, with an aromatic odor. Foxes and lynxes were also frequently met, with bears, and a sort of plantigrade, resembling the American wolverine, or glutton. There were no wolves, but the Alpine foxes, black here as jet, and with beautiful glossy fur, hunted the deer in packs with a cry resembling that of the jackal. These animals were so tame and fearless, yet so little inclined to molest him, that he came at once to the conclusion that they were unacquainted with man, and consequently that the valley was not inhabited.

The next day's journey brought Cheriton through the coniferous forest, and to a wood of primeval deciduous trees, much larger than any he supposed Siberia to be capable of producing. This forest was open, without much undergrowth, and was turfted with succulent herbs and grasses, except where the rocks, which were of a limestone formation, cropped boldly out in enormous masses. Among these rocks were many caves, and from some of these beautiful rivulets trickled out and ran down toward the bottom of the valley. Cheritan at nightfall selected one of these caves for a lodging place, and built a fire at the entrance, which no sooner done than a bear ran howling out and escaped among the rocks. This made our adventurer determine to keep up his fire, and also to explore the cavern before sleeping. He made himself torches and went into the place, finding nothing, however, save some great bats, and the bones and teeth of some great animal. The next day Cheriton proceeded onward, passing below the region of the forest, and coming out upon a broad terrace, covered with the greenest grasses. The terrace, which sloped gradually toward the centre of the valley, was about eight miles in width, and seemed to bind the foot of the mountains all around, as far as Cheriton could see. He found it warm enough here to make his coat of sable very comfortable. The terrace which struck Cheriton as affording the finest natural pasture he had ever seen, was unbroken on its surface by any trees, and perfectly smooth, except for an occasional boulder of basalt, that stood up, huge, black and frowning. The plain was full of animals feeding, like domestic herds at pasture. At the lower margin of this terrace, Cheriton came to a steep slope that descended fully 1,500 feet at a sharp angle, but not so steep as to be bare of the prevalent grasses. At the foot of this slope was the valley proper, and the lake in the middle of it. He immediately went down, and just at nightfall, forcing his way through a fringe of willows, he stood on the pebbly brink of this lake of dark blue, transparent water, scarcely ruffled by the faint breath of an evening breeze. Thoroughly tired out, Cheriton built himself a large fire, cooked and ate a hare, made himself a conch of willow branches, drew his sable coat over him, and laid down with his feet to the fire, but not to sleep.

Cheriton says he will never forget that first night of horrors by the haunted lake. He was beset with monsters. Dark, shadowy forms came over the water, splashing toward him, and seemed to seek what his fire might mean. The tramping of great beasts that crushed the willow stocks like pipe stems on their way to the water's edge, and then came and stood over him, breathing heavily and slow as they seemed to gaze at the fire with stupid wonder, made him afraid each moment of being overrun. Wild eyes, reflecting the fire-light, shone around him out of the gloom upon all sides, and wilder cries and howls gave new horrors to his position. He sprang to his feet almost paralyzed with fright, and fired off his pistol at the nearest intruder. The echo of the shot rang long around him, and it seemed the signal for the cries of a thousand new monsters to burst forth. There were mad, plunging rushes of frightened beasts around him that made the ground tremble; a peculiar long, shrill, quivering shriek sounded over the lake, and was answered by a harsh, full, gutteral bellow near at hand. Soon there were more of these deep, full-toned, impressive bellowings, and Cheriton, flinging a burning brand in the direction of the sound, saw the dark shadow of some huge unknown towering monster move slowly away. Immediately he kindled a broad circle about his resting-place, and in this charmed ring sat watching all night long, until morning approaching, and the sound ceasing, he fell at last asleep.

When Cheriton awoke it was broad day, and there was no traces of the animals that had disturbed him over night, except the paths they had worn going down to the water. In these paths he saw the deep-planted spoor of some animal larger than anything of the sort he had ever before beheld. His first care was to seek some place to pass the next night where he would be free from the alarms that had made the past night so terrible. He recrossed the meadow, and followed the edge of the slope around in a direction in which he saw some rocks. Among these he found the wide and lofty entrance to a cave. He entered with some precautions, for the rocky pavement was worn as if by use, and within he heard a slow, measured movement, as of an animal gently ruminating and heavily breathing with great calm inspirations and expirations like the sigh of a smith's bellows. One turn, then another, he heard a heavy startling snort, and there, in the half-light of the cave, standing full before him, alive, chewing the cud, and waving its proboscis to and fro, with a slow, gentle, majestic motion, he saw—a mammoth! "I did not know then," said Cheriton, "what I have since been told, that Siberia was an old habitat of these animals, and that some of the best scientific judges are uncertain whether to look upon the remains found upon the shores of the Arctic Ocean as fossil animals, or as the remnants of wandering herds, caught and perishing in the storms, individuals of which may still exist under favorable circumstances. Without intending it, I have solved that doubt."

Cheriton describes the mammoth as being a very imposing looking animal, covered with reddish brown wool and long black hair. During his stay in the valley, he was close to five of them, all of which were nearly of a size, being about twelve feet high, eighteen feet long, with tusks projecting about four feet, and being eight to ten feet long counting the curve. The skin, which was bare on the surface of the ears, on the knees and rump was of a mouse color, and seemed very thick. The animal was nocturnal in its habits, frequenting caves or forest depths by day, and feeding at night or early morning. Cheriton thinks there might be some fifteen or twenty of these monsters in the valley altogether, but that all these are aged, and that very few are born nowadays. At any rate, he saw none that had the least appearance of being young. They were very peaceable animals, torpid and sluggish as old oxen, never disturbing Cheriton, nor, indeed, taking much notice of him.

Batchmatchnik found a small cave which he could climb up the face of a perpendicular rock, and in which he was comparatively free from the incursions of wild animals. In a recess of this cave he built his fire, which he never suffered to go out again during the whole course of his stay in the valley, which continued the whole winter, and until April, as near as he could guess the time. In all his stay there, so sheltered was the valley, and so permanent the warmth that seemed to be nursed there by radiation, that the lake was never frozen over, nor was there any more than an inch or two of snow, and no frosts sufficiently bitter to destroy the succulence of the grasses. These were fed by repeated rains, constant dews, and frequent mists. The valley swarmed with animal life, while, as the winter progressed, the waters of the lake were literally covered with wild fowl.—Birds of prey fed upon them in numbers, while the foxes, lynxes, gluttons, and wolverines preyed upon the herds of deer and smaller tribes.

Batchmatchnik explored the valley thoroughly during his stay there—a stay which was entirely enforced from the fact that he could not, after repeated endeavors, make his way out of the valley through the ranges to the eastward, and to go back by the pass through which he had entered would have been simply lost labor and lost time. In the course of his explorations he encountered many animals indigenous to the valley, which he thinks are not known elsewhere, except in the shape of fossil remains. Among these was a species of horse, a wild and beautiful creature that went in droves, and ran with lightning-like speed. These horses were small, pure white in color, with a long, black mane and tail; they were covered, however, rather with fleece than hair, and in running, looked as much like lambs as horses. The lake was full of fish of many species, but was inhabited by a monster of which Cheriton was in constant dread, a sort of sausophidian, which he described as being thirty feet long, and armed with scales and horrible fangs. This monster—he never saw but the one—was master of the lake, and lived by devouring the animals which came by night to its brink to drink. Cheriton gives a graphic and exciting description of a contest which he witnessed one morning at early dawn between this crocodile-serpent and one of the mastodons. The battle, which lasted more than an hour, ended in the discomfiture of the mammoth, which could hardly limp away, after having been constricted in the serpent's folds. Doubtless, in respect of these and similar discoveries, Cheriton's book, when it appears, will be one of the most interesting narratives of adventure ever published. But it reads like a hoax.

A DANBURY ELOPEMENT.—Since Mr. O'Clarence's Fourth of July celebration, says the Danbury *News*, North street has been comparatively quiet. But last night it was again aroused. It appears that one of our Main street clerks is keeping company with a young lady living on North street. And her father is opposed to his society, or at least that has been the impression since a *fortnight ago, when he* poured a tea-kettle of hot water on him. But having healed the burns the young man determined to capture the girl in spite of the parent, and laid plans for an elopement which was to have come off last night. The stern father received intelligence of the plan through the perfidy of the servant who had been taken into the confidence of the young people, and he concealed himself in the shade of a lilac bush, just under the window of the depraved daughter. About twelve o'clock the young man approached the spot, standing so close to our friend in the lilac bush that he could almost touch him, and could quite smell the sweet oil.

A moment later a head appeared at the window, a brief whispered conversation followed, and a comfortable bundle of things were dropped down, and the head retired. The young man whose skin was off in places, and who was undoubtedly thinking of angels chasing pond lilies across the rainbows, held his hands up to catch the bundle, when he became suddenly aware that he was grippled by the legs, and the next instant he was hurled through the air, and went nose first into an onion bed. When he got on his feet he did not pause to look up at the cause of the trouble, but threw himself over the first fence and struck out for home, content to wait until the paper came out for the particulars. The first intimation the young lady had of the modification of the programme, was the appearance of her father at her door, who politely extended the bundle and kindly observed, "You dropped something out of your window, miss." She had.

AT a Sunday school concert the other evening the following occurred: Little fellow (reciting his verse)—"I am the Bread of Life." Superintendent (questioning him as to his knowledge of the Bible)—"Who said 'I am the Bread of Life,'" Little fellow (in surprise)—"*I* said it."

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Gallitzin, April 4, 1873.-tf.

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MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE.

During that dismal period of European history known as the Middle Ages, the Church of Rome was the conservator of knowledge, the defender of individual equality and personal liberty, and the firm and consistent advocate of the sanctity of the marriage tie. Whatever may be said of its alleged perversions of theology or doctrine, there can be no dispute about the faithful manner in which it fulfilled its mission in these respects. From first to last it has especially been zealous in its efforts to fortify and strengthen in every possible manner the domestic relation, which the very foundations of society are laid. It has taught the world that marriage ceremony is a sacrament of the Church, scarcely less sacred than any, and, by stoutly denying the right of man to put away his wife for any reason whatever, it has made good the maxim that what God has joined together no man can put asunder. It was but natural that the general breaking away from the dominion sway of the Church in matters of religion which followed the Reformation, should develop a tendency to strip the marriage relation of a measure at least of its religious character, although only extremists have gone so far as to insist that it should be regarded strictly and exclusively as a civil contract. With every fresh schism, however, has been devised a marriage system, differing more or less from all others, and, in the United States, such latitude has been allowed by the law in the anxiety to avoid an infringement upon individual rights, as to render the important relation of life the most loose and uncertain, not only in respect to method and manner of entering into, but, likewise, in reference to its duration. The flippant remarks which are often heard, to the effect that in the United States, a man cannot tell from day to day whether he is married or not, would not be current if the laws of marriage and divorce were uniform throughout the country, and framed with a proper regard to the stability of society, and elevated standard of domestic morality.

The lack of uniformity in the marriage and divorce laws of this country is an unavoidable result of the divided jurisdiction of our governmental system. In replacing the domestic relations under the exclusive control of Congress, something like harmony be secured; but the opposition to a centralization of power, which is so assiduously cultivated by a large proportion of the American people, renders such an addition to the powers of the general government very difficult to bring about. If our forefathers were as wise in all things as they were brave, they would have conferred upon Congress exclusive jurisdiction over the divorce relations, and the good Democrats of latter days would have been as active in this disposition of the matter as the most radical of Republicans. But wisdom did not go to this length, and we now probably too late to remedy the evil resulting from the oversight.

A uniform marriage law, however, is a necessary result of exclusive authority to mount jurisdiction in the law-making power. The Parliament of Great Britain, in its three branches of Crown, Lords and Commons, is absolutely sovereign in all matters of history, and can undo in an hour the traditions and usages of centuries throughout the British Empire. And yet the law of England in relation to the marriage tie differs in many ways from the law of Scotland, while the law of Scotland is dissimilar to both of them. In the division of the country a certain form of ceremony or proceeding will be held to constitute a binding marriage, while if the parties thereto will cross the line into an adjoining division, they will be gravely assured by the courts that they have never been married at all. Nor is this all. At present there are two distinct classes of marriages in England, five in Ireland, and four in Scotland, and there is a like variation in the grounds for divorce and the modes of obtaining it. An English journal, commenting upon the delightful uncertainty which pervades the subject, says: "It is quite possible that, without the commission of any indictable offense, a man and woman may be legally married at one and the same time to two persons, the law in one part of the kingdom regarding the validity of the law in another part of the kingdom as void regarding the second marriage as valid. Even the law-makers and courts of Indiana have not yet succeeded in making a mess of marriage and divorce as they have." Earnest efforts, however, are being made to effect a change for the better, and the unquestioned authority of Parliament to legislate on the subject just before the close of the present session. But the statesmen who are agitating the subject, and who are trying to render a repetition of the present scandal impossible, will find that the long-established conservatism of the average Briton is hard to overcome, and that, despite the certainties which so frequently befall him, he is not only content but anxious to be, in marriage, in the old uncertain way that suited his forefathers.—*Phila. Inquirer.*

EVERLASTING FENCE POST.—We have published this before, but it will do no harm to publish it again. Somebody says: I discovered many years ago that wood could be made to last longer than iron in the ground, but thought the process so simple and inexpensive that it was not worth while making any stir about it. I would as soon have poplar, basswood or quaking ash, as any other kinds of timber for fence posts. I have taken up cedar wood posts after having been set twenty years that were as sound when taken up as when they were first put in the ground. Time and weather seemed to have no effect on them. The posts can be prepared in less than two cents apiece. For the benefit of others I will give the recipe: Take boiled linseed oil and stir it in pulverized charcoal to the consistency of paint, and give a coat of this over the timber, and you have not a man that will live to see it rot.